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THAT SWAMP OF DEATH.

A CITY BALLAD.

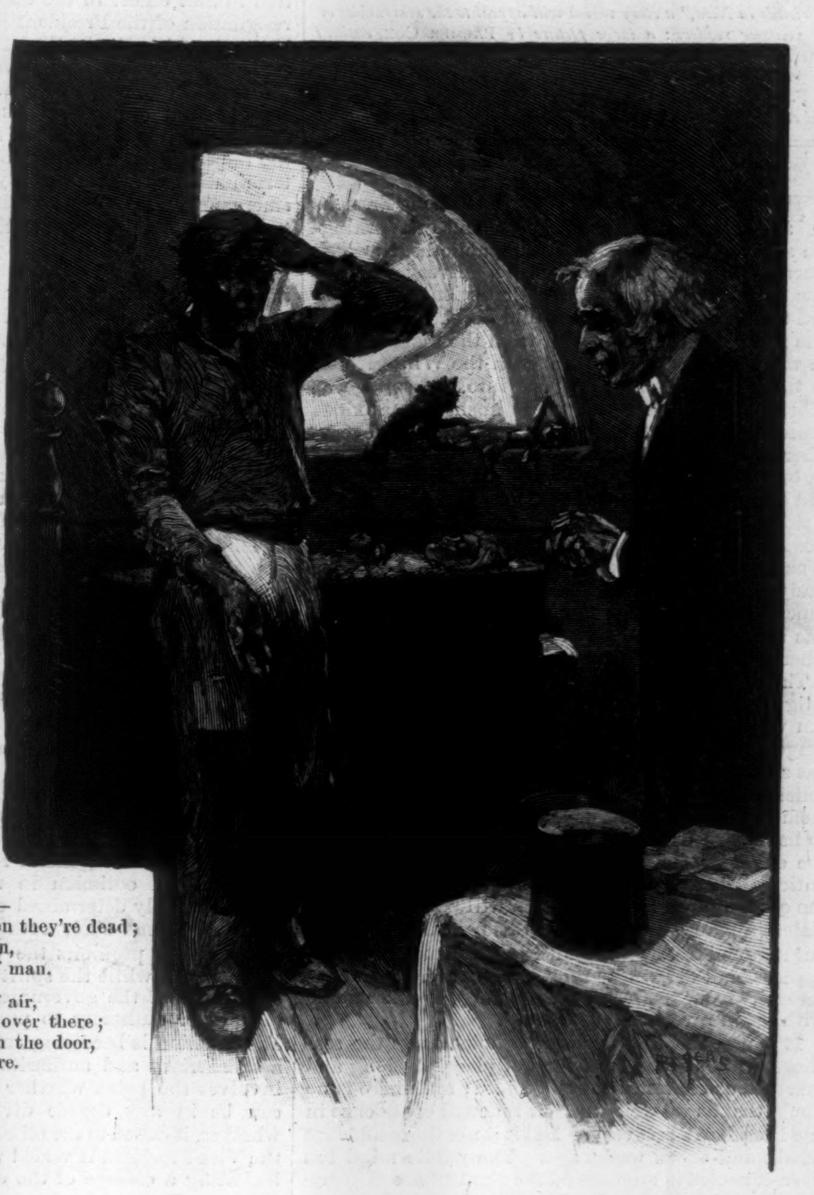
YES, it's straight and true, good preacher, every word that you have said:
Do not think these tears unmanly—they're the first that I have shed.
But they kind of pressed and pounded on my aching heart and brain,
And they would not be let go of, and they gave me extra pain.

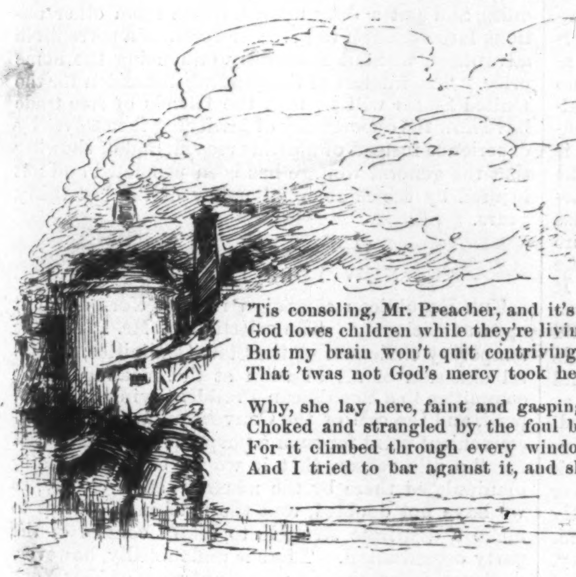
I'm an ignorant day-worker—work for food and rags and sleep—
And I hardly know the object of the life we slave to keep;
But I know when days are cheery, or my heart is made of lead;
I know sorrow when I see it—and I know my child is dead.

No, she isn't much to look at, just a plainish bit of clay,
Of the sort of perished children you are seeing every day;
And how *she* could break a life up, you'd be slow to understand;
But she held *mine*, Mr. Preacher, in that little withered hand.

I am just a laboring-man, sir, of the kind that digs and delves,
But I've learned that human natures can not stay in by themselves;
They will wander out for something, be it good or be it bad,
And my heart with hers had settled, and the girl was all I had.

There are lots of pretty children, with a form and face more fine—
Let their parents love and pet them—but *this* little one was *mine!*
There was no one else to cling to when we two were cut apart,
And it's rough—this amputation of the strong arms of the heart!





'Tis consoling, Mr. Preacher, and it's maybe as you've said—
God loves children while they're living, and adopts them when they're dead;
But my brain won't quit contriving, do the very best I can,
That 'twas not God's mercy took her, but the selfishness of man.

Why, she lay here, faint and gasping, moaning for a bit of air,
Choked and strangled by the foul breath of the chimneys over there;
For it climbed through every window, and it crept beneath the door,
And I tried to bar against it, and she only choked the more.

She would lie here with the old look that poor children somehow get;
She had learned to use her patience, and she did not cry or fret;
But would lift her pale pinched face up, full of early grief and care,
And would whisper, "I am dying for a little breath of air."

If she'd gone out with the zephyrs, 'twouldn't have seemed so hard to me,
Or among the cool fresh breezes that come rushing from the sea;
But it's nothing less than murder when my darling's every breath
Chokes and strangles with the poison from that cursèd swamp of death.

Oh, 'tis not enough that such men own the very ground we tread,
And the shelter that we crouch in, and the tools that earn our bread;
They must put their blotted mortgage on the air and on the sky,
And shut out our little heaven, till our children pine and die!

Yes, we wear the cheapest clothing, and our meals are scant and brief,
And perhaps those fellows fancy there's a cheaper grade of grief;
But the people all around here, losing children, friends, and mates,
Can inform them that affliction hasn't any under-rates.

Oh, the air is pure and wholesome where some babies crow and rest,
And they trim 'em out with ribbons, and they feed 'em with the best;
But the love they get's an insult to the God of love on high,
If to earn those children's living some one else's child must die.

I'm no grumbler at the rulers of "this free and happy land,"
And I don't go round explaining things I do not understand;
But there must be something treacherous in the steering of the law
When we get a dose of poison out of every breath we draw.

I have talked too much, good preacher, and I hope you won't be vexed,
But *I'm* going to make a sermon, with that white face for a text;
And I'll preach it, and I'll preach it, till I set our people wild
'Gainst the heartless, reckless grasping of *the men who killed my child.*

WILL CARLETON.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1881.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

No. 98 *of* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, *issued September* 13, *opens with a charming story of Southern life by* GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON, *entitled "A Two-headed Family," illustrated by a beautiful front-page engraving. The number also contains Chapter VII. of "Tim and Tip," in which the friends are suddenly and unexpectedly parted, illustrated by* ROGERS; *an exquisite full-page picture of birds and rabbits, by* GIACOMELLI, *illustrating "Friends in Need," a story which will appeal to the sympathies of the younger readers; a large picture by* PALMER COX, *entitled "Elves in the Picnic Grove"; "Lavinia's Lawn Party," a story for girls; "Halicora, the Mermaid," also a girls' story, illustrated by* F. S. CHURCH; *a chapter on Parlor Magic; poems, puzzles, and other attractions.*

THE PRESIDENT.

THE President was safely removed to Long Branch, and the knowledge that he was out of Washington at once renewed hope in the public heart. The journey was a touching spectacle. Every preparation was perfectly made. All that science and skill and the tenderest affection could do had been done. The risk was understood, and from the moment that he was lifted from his chamber in the White House to that in which he was borne into the cottage at Elberon the whole country was hushed in anxious expectation. Vast crowds were assembled everywhere, eager to catch a fleeting glimpse of the sufferer, but all were profoundly and pathetically silent, and often as the swift train darted by, those who saw it stood with bared heads until it was gone. Nothing went wrong. The completeness of the arrangements, so suddenly made for so novel a purpose, showed the ready wit and ability and organizing skill of the American, while the profound and universal feeling was such as would wait in such a journey upon no other living human being.

The day was cruelly hot, but the President bore its fatigue and excitement with the same cheerful heroism which has marked his conduct through the prolonged ordeal. His steady and even playful courage has sustained the country as much as the affectionate solicitude of the country has supported him. He seemed during the journey, according to the reports, to have been entirely composed and intelligent, and the exhaustion was no more than was to have been anticipated. In the story of the extraordinary day the quiet figure of the wife, who will be always associated in tender memory with this painful chapter in our national history, constantly and characteristically appears, and the prayer that arose, "uttered or unexpressed," from the heart of a nation, joined her name with his in reverential sympathy.

It is now felt that in his new home upon the seashore, without further change of place, the long and marvellous contest must be decided; and there is no doubt that as we write there is renewed confidence in the President's recovery. But it is not the confidence of six and seven weeks ago. The public mind has been educated to understand the significance of symptoms. There is a general consciousness of the extreme debility of that strong frame from which so long the life seems to have been ebbing away, and it is necessarily a chastened hope that contemplates sadly the possibility of its own disappointment. But it is impossible not to share something of the President's own undaunted spirit, which in the midst of the general anxiety is a national benediction.

PRESIDENTIAL "INABILITY."

WE have as yet seen nothing clearer or more cogent in the discussion of the question of Presidential "inability" than the letter of Mr. GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS, printed in HARPER'S WEEKLY for the week ending August 27. The situation has naturally elicited many opinions, the most extraordinary of which is that the Vice-President is to decide for himself when to assume the duties of the Presidential office, and, of course, by the same remarkable reasoning, to decide when to relinquish them, or whether to retain them to the end of the term. If there were the remotest possibility that the present Vice-President might arrive some morning at the White House, and announce that in his opinion the President was constitutionally disabled, and that he would proceed to exercise the duties of the Chief Magistracy, there would be no doubt that there was the utmost necessity of summoning Congress immediately. As Mr. GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS truly says, there might be a great emergency, when the President was totally prostrated, mind and body, and when immediate executive action was absolutely imperative, in which the Vice-President, upon his own responsibility, might assume the duties of the office. But this extreme case of necessary action without warrant of law would suppose either some subsequent condoning of such assumption of power, or some amendment to the Constitution to determine and regulate its exercise.

The truth is, as was discovered in the winter of 1876–77, that there are grave exigencies for which no provision exists, and this is one of them. The situation is shown by the radical differences of opinion. There is universal agreement that if the President should die, the Vice-President would at once succeed to the unlimited power of the Presidency. There is equally universal disagreement of opinion as to the meaning of "inability," and the consequent course to be taken. Death and resignation are positive terms. They are facts which require no interpretation. There can be no contest about them, and no question of the duty of the Vice-President. The method of notification to that officer in the case either of the death or resignation of the President is prescribed by custom, but it should be distinctly settled by law. "Inability," however, is a comparative term. There may be the utmost difference of opinion about it. Neither the Constitution nor the laws provide any method of ascertaining it, and the actual situation forcibly shows the imperative necessity of some legal method of determination while fortunately there is no immediate emergency. Does any constitutional authority exist to make such a provision? Mr. CURTIS finds it in the clause which gives Congress power to make all laws necessary for carrying into execution all the constitutional powers of the government, and this he holds to include all powers vested in any one of its departments or in any one of its officers. The President, therefore, could now call Congress together, and Congress could at once enact laws for determining the existence and the termination of inability, and providing for notifying the Vice-President and for other contingencies.

But even were this clause not comprehensive enough, even if there were a total lapse of the Constitution upon this point, Congress is the authority to which the country would naturally turn for action. The *Evening Post* has considered the extreme case of the actual incapacity of any constitutional officer to summon Congress. In that event, to insure the continuity of the government, the power must be exercised, and the *Post* holds that the cabinet should exercise it, and ask condonation of Congress. It is no answer to this position to say that the New York Aldermen have the same legal right to summon Congress. There is no question of legal right. It is agreed that there is none. The question is, in the confessed situation, what does the genius of the government require, and what would the common-sense of the country approve? Of these there can be no doubt. The same general reasoning applies to the constitutional omission in regard to inability. It must be legally determined either by the Vice-President or by some other authority. But every sound consideration prohibits the Vice-President to decide the question, while the spirit of the Constitution and the nature of the government indicate Congress as the proper authority to provide the legal method. The question is becoming important, and it requires a satisfactory and authoritative decision, because it involves the point whether the Presidential power can be in any degree divided, and consequently whether, if called to the office even for a limited term, the Vice-President is vested with complete authority, including a change of the cabinet, and the removal of every officer of the government. This is obviously not a question for the cabinet itself to decide. But it is one which the country would willingly intrust to the decision of Congress. It may be that in the present instance the President's condition would not be pronounced to be one of inability, but it is obvious that there ought to be a legal and satisfactory method of determining the question.

"FAIR TRADE."

THE defeat of the Liberals in the Liberal agricultural region of North Lincolnshire, in England, and the election of a Tory, upon a cry of "fair trade," the issue by the Cobden Club of 50,000 copies of the speech of the President of the Board of Trade upon "Reciprocity" and 20,000 copies of a pamphlet upon "The Reciprocity Craze," with the sudden general discussion in newspapers and magazines and reviews of the value of free trade to England, justify the private remark of an English correspondent that the question will be very prominent in current English politics. An aggressive article upon "Isolated Free Trade" in the *Nineteenth Century* shows the general line of popular appeal upon the subject, and as there is great agricultural depression in England and general "bad times," the appeal is not unlikely to be answered elsewhere as it has been answered in North Lincolnshire.

Apparently there will be a re-opening of the famous debate of thirty-five years ago. The writer in the *Nineteenth Century* quotes Mr. COBDEN'S exulting prophecy in 1844, that in less than ten years from the time when England establishes commercial freedom, "every civilized commercial community would be free-traders to the backbone." The failure of the prophecy he attributes to the unsoundness of the principle. The prosperity of the United States and France, the two great republics in which the protection policy prevails, and in which, according to this writer, wealth is daily more generally distributed, contrasts strangely with that of England, where, of a population of 34,000,000, there are 14,500,000 persons living upon less than 10*s.* 6*d.* a week each. England grows less corn to feed 34,000,000 of people than it grew forty years ago to feed 17,000,000. During the last ten years a million acres of wheat have gone out of cultivation, so that while the population has increased nearly 3,000,000 during that time, the country is in a position to feed nearly 6,500,000 less. These are the statements which are addressed to those who reason literally from hand to mouth, and the result is seen in the Tory success in North Lincolnshire. To the argument that it is the true policy of England to buy grain of America, since that can be done more cheaply than to grow it, and that the money to pay for it is to come from the increased produce of English manufactures, which America will buy, the "fair trader" replies that America does not invest her profits from the sale of corn in buying English manufactures, but in extending her own; and that while she exports more than she imports, free-trade England annually imports £130,000,000 sterling more than she exports.

But this assumption that excess of exports over imports indicates national wealth is vigorously assailed by the Cobden Club, which shows that this kind of statistical argument is fallacious, because it is a limited view based merely upon trade returns. The larger and truer view includes insurance risks, loans of capital, freight and transportation receipts, and other sources of income, so that the foreigner pays England more than $600,000,000 annually before the calculation of the exchange of produce begins. The debate is inevitable, and it has, in fact, already begun. But a third party upon the subject is likely to arise, taking a moderate conservative view. This is indicated in Lord DUNRAVEN'S paper upon "The Revolutionary Party." The moderate doctrine is that England should have free trade with all her own colonies, and put a duty upon imports from other nations large enough to give her colonies a perceptible advantage, without materially enhancing the home price. The interest of the pending discussion for the United States will be that the friends of free trade have now the opportunity of justifying themselves by experience instead of abstract reason, and of showing that the general welfare has been promoted and not injured by the commercial policy of the last thirty years.

NEW YORK POLITICS.

THE Republican campaign in New York does not open auspiciously. The selection of Mr. PLATT for temporary chairman of the State Committee, the total omission of all allusion at the meeting of the committee to a Republican President lying in mortal peril, and the call of the Convention at the most inconvenient point for such a purpose in the State, and for the sole reason that it would be more readily manipulated there by the machine, show clearly, as we have not doubted, that the machine proposes to make a desperate struggle to retain control of the party organization. There is undoubtedly, however, profound disgust among the great mass of New York Republicans with a control which kept the party in opposition to the late Republican Administration, and which attempted to array it against that of General GARFIELD. Mr. PLATT politically represents nothing whatever but this opposition. Mr. CONKLING put him forward as chairman of the Convention in which he insulted President HAYES in 1877, and he was elected Senator last January as a squire to Mr. CONKLING in his probable onslaughts upon the GARFIELD administration, and he resigned with Mr. CONKLING in May when those attacks failed. They both appealed to the Legislature which had elected Mr. PLATT four months before, but in obedience to the indignant demand of the Republican party of New York and of the country, their appeal was rejected. There was, however, one card left them to play. They might, perhaps, still control the State Committee and the party organization in the State, and that is now their "little game." We believe that there were those who saw "harmony" as the probable result of the defeat of the machine in the Senatorial contest. Perhaps they see also in the action of the committee the first fruits of harmony.

This, we say, is an inauspicious beginning of the campaign. There is great and universal respect and affection for the President. There is the profoundest sympathy with his prolonged suffering. There is a deep conviction that in the event of his recovery his opportunity for wise and patriotic administration is unprecedented, and that he is the man of all men to improve it. At such a time and under such circumstances, honorable and reasonable Republicans see with extreme repugnance the attempt of a faction distinguished only by baffled hostility to the President to take command of the party. The first duty of New York Republicans in the present painful situation is to show the strongest and most unmistakable

sympathy with the President, and the most determined resolution to assist him in making his administration what the country justly expects of it. The party in New York should emphatically refuse longer to be made the tool of the wretched quarrels of any man or clique of politicians with the national Administration. It would be ludicrous, if it were not too serious, to think of the character, intelligence, and power which that party in this State includes, and then to remark those who direct its organized force. Yet the party must be judged by those whom it permits to represent it. It is in vain to insist that the party history is inspiring, and the party principles noble, if the party representatives are political pettifoggers and small place-mongers. Those who support a party because of its history and principles can not long see in such representatives any ray of the glory of the one, or any hope of the triumph of the other.

The Convention is called for the 5th of October, in the city of New York, and the party will be properly judged by the Convention. If that assembly is controlled by those who are known to be at heart hostile to the Administration, and who would be resigned to the President's death because it would place the Vice-President in his chair, it would be a most unfortunate event. It could be easily prevented except for the peculiar restriction upon the Republican primary vote in the city of New York. The city will send about one-sixth of the whole number of delegates, and only some eight or nine thousand of the seventy or eighty thousand Republican voters of the city are authorized to vote for them. This is the system that makes illicit management so easy. In the country, however, where there is not this kind of ingenious disfranchisement, the expression of the real party feeling may be made very impressive. There is no doubt what that feeling is. There is no doubt whatever that the Republicans of New York by an immense majority condemn the conduct of the faction whose sole distinction is warfare upon Republican administrations which it can not control for its own personal ends. If the Convention is truly representative of the party, it will show that New York Republicans desire honestly and heartily, not by mere perfunctory declaration, to uphold the Administration of President GARFIELD, not merely because it is the Administration, but because it promises to do so much to promote Republican principles, and to justify the continued dominance of the Republican party.

TWO ACTS OF UNION.

AN article in the *Fortnightly Review*, by Mr. ALBERT DICEY, treats very intelligently and clearly a question which is peculiarly timely in England, the contrast between the Scotch and the Irish acts of union with England. The fact is most significant that England has made a completely successful union with one neighboring nation of differing race and form of religious faith, and a disastrously unsuccessful union with another. The difference in the conditions of the acts of union must be therefore a most instructive study, and this is what Mr. DICEY has accomplished. He regards the union of Scotland and England as not only the greatest triumph of English policy, but as the most brilliant act of conservative statesmanship in history. This is extraordinary praise, but every one who has ever looked into the subject will admit that it is largely deserved. Our own Constitution is doubtless the greatest and most important bond of national union among States ever made, but the circumstances in America were much more favorable than in Great Britain to such a union.

The English and Scotch union was a treaty freely made between two independent states, and as its main object was political identity, to blend two nations into one, everything essential to this end was tenaciously maintained, and everything not essential to it was conceded. All suspicion of what we call State sovereignty, or of federation instead of nationality, was rigidly discarded. No vestige of separate Scotch government was tolerated, but, from a merely mercantile point of view, the Scotch had the advantage. Lord SOMERS and GODOLPHIN, who managed the union for England, fortunately had the true insight of great statesmanship, and confided in the wisdom of shrewd observation rather than in mere theory. They did not believe that nations could be made by adroit constitutions, but that constitutions must spring from the character and traditions of the nation. Therefore they did not touch the local law and the local institutions of Scotland, and carefully respected and protected the Scottish Church. Scotland became an inseparable part of Great Britain, but Scotch affairs remained completely under the control of Scotchmen. The farmer and the minister and the trader felt that the union had made no change except a change for the better.

In framing the Irish union, PITT and CASTLEREAGH and their colleagues followed the letter of the Scotch precedent, and outraged its spirit. The Church was secured, but it was not the Church of the Irish people. The Parliament was destroyed, but local independence was not respected and maintained. Ireland has been governed since the union by the misapplication of English notions. The Lord-Lieutenancy is of itself a sign that there is not national union, and if the Lord-Lieutenancy was indispensable, the time for union had not arrived. The history of Scotland, Mr. DICEY thinks, shows conclusively the folly of the English policy in Ireland. For a century, from 1603 to 1706, England tried to govern Northern Scotland on English principles, and the consequence was endless trouble. CROMWELL did much better for Scotland than England has done for Ireland, but his policy, however abstractly wise and good, was opposed to every Scotch sentiment and prejudice, and "it fell of itself amidst the delirious joy of the whole country." The failure of English policy in Ireland is due, not to the character of the people, but to the neglect of English statesmen to make their policy conform to the nature of things.

TERRIBLE TAMMANY.

THE Buffalo *Courier* remarks that "this is as good a time as any to find out whether the great party of the Democracy of this State exists only by permission of Mr. JOHN KELLY." It may be a good time to find it out for the second time, but the fact itself was completely demonstrated in 1879. Mr. KELLY then bolted, and about 80,000 Democrats followed him, and his party was defeated. If a quarter of that number should follow him now, "the great party of the Democracy of this State" would once more feel the necessity of his permission for its existence.

In a State where parties are so equally divided as recent elections show them to be in New York, the result of an election is determined by a small number of independent voters. This is one of the great advantages of our composite national and State system. The national dominance of a party may depend upon the vote of one State, and that fact should make the party in every State exceedingly prudent.

We do not say that it would be wise for the Democratic party in New York to buy Mr. KELLY'S support upon his own terms. But if it should decide not to do so, its only hope for success would lie in an appeal to independent voters by a platform of the finest principles and with candidates of the highest character. But even then it would have to meet the question, "Who is it that makes these fine professions?" Mr. JOHN KELLY is undeniably the *enfant terrible* of the Democratic party.

SAMUEL B. RUGGLES.

THE late SAMUEL B. RUGGLES was a man of the highest intelligence and public spirit; of tastes and capacities and temperament which singularly fitted him for public life, and yet who during his long career was very seldom in office. He was a member of the Assembly many years ago, and also a Canal Commissioner for a short time, but we believe that he held no other public position.

He was especially the friend of the canal system of the State, and his knowledge of the subject was extraordinary. There was a certain poetic enthusiasm in his treatment of statistics, which is often a sign of the temperament of the highest statesmanship, and his absence from official public service—to which we suppose him to have been no less inclined than adapted—is a curious illustration of the practical working of our political system.

We have but to think of the men whom the city of New York has sent to the various branches of the public service during the last forty years, when probably it might have had Mr. RUGGLES for the asking, to see that our political system is still susceptible of great improvement. The urbanity of Mr. RUGGLES, his youthfulness of feeling, the charm of his varied information, his kindly generosity and unselfishness, will not be forgotten by those who regret that his peculiar powers had not a larger and more public arena.

THE PLAGUE SPOTS.

THE State Board of Health at its late meeting directed its special committee on stench nuisances to request the Governor to close at once all the "sludge" excreting establishments at or near Newtown Creek, and to furnish him with a list of the names, with those of the persons operating them.

This was in accordance with the peremptory proclamation of the Governor ordering such persons to close their own establishments—a proclamation which they have contemptuously defied, and which remains a dead letter. Governor CORNELL has not shown himself to be destitute of official courage, as his stout volume of vetoes shows. Every veto affecting individual interests undoubtedly produces individual hostility to the Governor, but as certainly it produces general public confidence. Politically the Governor is stronger, and not weaker, for his vetoes. They have been generally wise, and they show a diligent and intelligent devotion to the public interest.

The individual interests in the pestilential nuisances at Hunter's Point are both strong and contumacious. But the public interest in their suppression is much stronger, and we trust that the Governor will speedily enforce his order of suppression.

OUR FRENCH VISITORS.

THE centennial year of the French alliance will witness a pretty exchange of civilities between the two republics. The descendant of Count ROCHAMBEAU, with a suite of French gentlemen, will arrive at New York from France to take part in the Yorktown celebration, and the Governor of New York has appointed a committee of a dozen gentlemen, many of whose names recall old patriotic and Revolutionary families, to receive them and to provide for their social enjoyment. Meanwhile the French authorities have informed Mr. MORTON, the American Minister, that the square in Paris upon which stands his official residence will be known hereafter as *Place des États Unis*.

It is unfortunate that M. DE ROCHAMBEAU and his friends did not arrive in time to see Newport in its summer glory. Many of the most interesting and romantic of the Newport traditions date from the presence of the French army and fleet, and the French arrival of this year would have revived them pleasantly.

The only real cloud upon the happy centennial commemoration, however, will be the illness of the President. This is the more to be regretted because his oratorical grace and felicity would have lent a peculiarly becoming attraction to his official presence upon the occasion. Under the circumstances, the compensation for the want of both will be, we hope, the consciousness of his convalescence.

PERSONAL.

IT was among the honorable and patriotic acts of the late JAMES F. D. LANIER that at a critical moment in the history of the rebellion, when the loss of Indiana would have been fatal to the Union, that his purse and his patriotism came to the aid of Governor MORTON, to whom he furnished without security, and with no hope of reward or repayment, except upon the triumph of the Union cause, the large sum of $640,000. It was this that enabled the Governor to maintain the credit of the State, and defy and baffle her foes. Nor did the Governor fail to record his gratitude for the service in his first message to the loyal Legislature of 1864-65.

—The GLADSTONE family are all accomplished, especially in music. The Premier himself has a fine barytone voice, and uses it like a trained vocalist. Each member of his family has acquired a knowledge of the principles of vocal and instrumental music. Mr. W. H. GLADSTONE, M.P., the Premier's silent son, has considerable talent as a composer.

—The London *Literary World*, in reviewing WILL CARLETON'S last volume, *Farm Festivals* (published by HARPER & BROTHERS), says: "WILL CARLETON has a wonderful faculty for rhyming about the life of the American farmer, so as to put you into immediate sympathy with all that is related in his effective and pleasing manner. This is not doggerel nor jingle, but very touching, humorous, witty, clever poetry of its own, full of real human interest and earnest lessons for all sorts of people. It is a handsome, striking, and thoroughly entertaining book."

—Lady FLORENCE DIXIE is a plucky helpmate for her husband, with whom she camps out and cooks her rations in the Transvaal, whither she went as correspondent of the London *Morning Post*. Not long ago a Boer who made large boasts of his skill with the rifle was challenged by her to a trial of skill. The Boer shot with a Martini-Henry rifle, Lady FLORENCE with a Winchester, at bottles placed at a distance of 200 yards. To the delight of all the onlookers, Lady FLORENCE hit the bottles one after the other as if they were elephants, and the Boer went away signally defeated, and with the conviction that if all Englishmen can't shoot, some Englishwomen can.

—The man who first gave employment in Kentucky to Senator BECK is Mr. DRUMMOND HUNT, of Lexington, now eighty-seven years of age, and able to manage his farm. About forty years ago Mr. HUNT kept a livery-stable. One day a brawny young Scotchman, with a bundle swung at his back, applied to him for work. Mr. HUNT was so pleased with his straightforwardness that he employed him, and sent him out to his farm, placing him in charge. Here he staid several years, working all day, and occupying most of the nights studying law. It required two courses for students attending the law department of Transylvania University to get through. Mr. BECK, however, by dint of great industry and perseverance, got through in one course. He then began practice with Mr. SHY, since which time he has steadily climbed up the ladder of reputation. It is conceded that Mr. BECK, whose term expires March 3, 1883, will receive the unanimous support of the Democratic party for re-election.

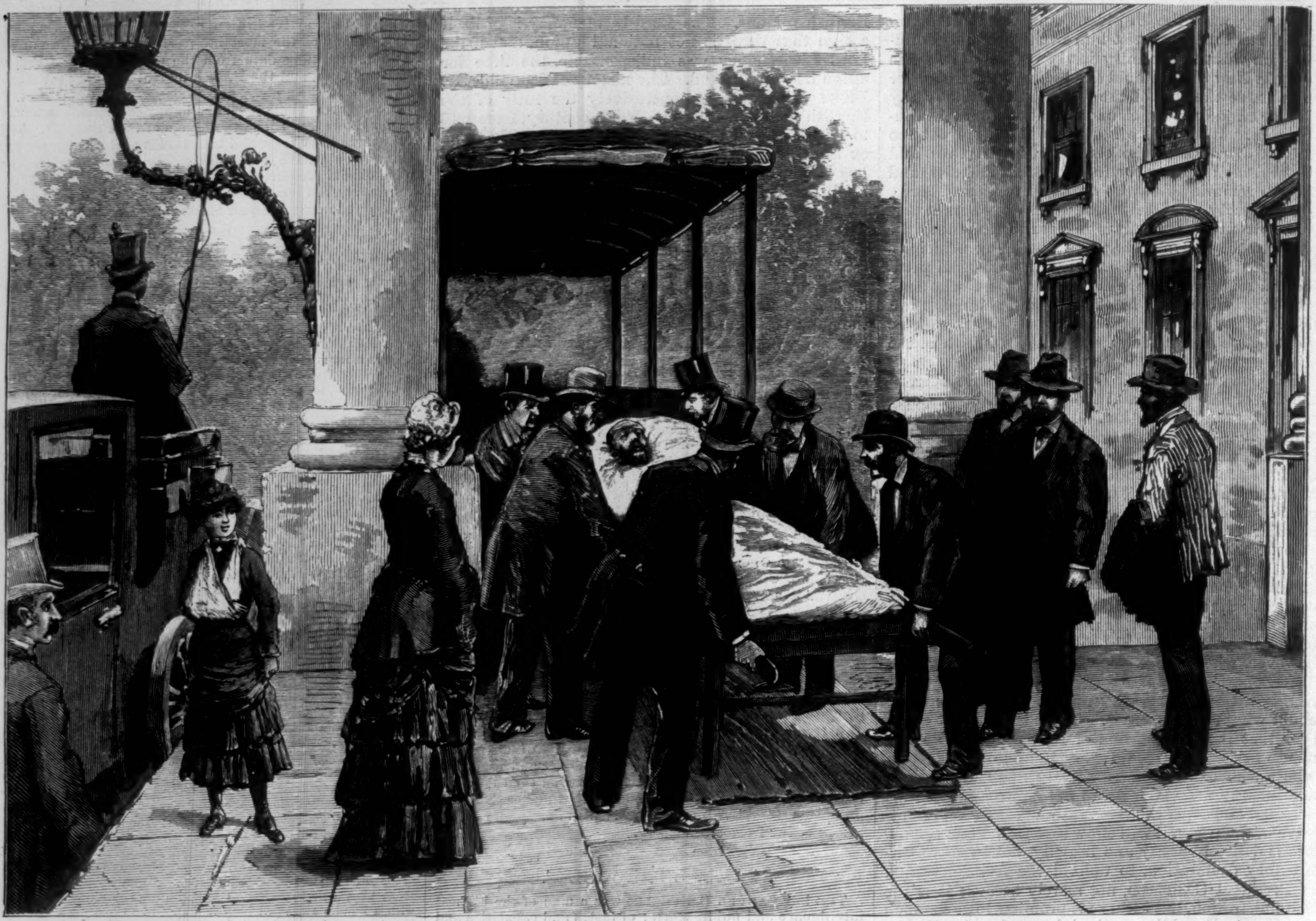
—The ladies are coming to the front as bankers. Mrs. N. C. WILLIAMS is president of the State National Bank, Raleigh, North Carolina; Miss JENNIE COOMBS is cashier of BOWN & COOMBS'S bank, at Middleville, Michigan; Miss SARAH F. DICK is cashier of the First National Bank of Huntington, Indiana; Miss A. M. KING is cashier of the banking house of SPRINGER & NOYES, White Cloud, Kansas; and Mrs. M. H. COWDEN carries on a banking business in her own name at Forest Hill, California.

—Dramatic artists were not badly paid a hundred years ago, though very few received such sums as are paid to leading actors and actresses in our day, and none acquired such fortunes as FORREST, OWENS, JEFFERSON, CLARKE, FLORENCE, CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN, LOTTA, and several others. Before us is the pay-list of Drury Lane Theatre, February 13, 1773, giving the weekly pay of the following performers: DAVID GARRICK, £34 3s.; Mr. S. BARRY and wife, £50; JAMES LACY, £16 13s.; Messrs. HING, REDDISH, and JEFFERSON, £8 each; Mr. DAME and wife, £8; Mr. DIBDIN, £6; Mr. BANNISTER and wife, £6; Mrs. ABINGTON, £8; Miss POPE, £8; Miss YOUNG, £7; Mr. VERNON, singer, £8, and Mrs. SMITH and Miss VENABLES, singers, £6 6s. each. The dancers were also pretty well paid: Mr. DUIGVILLE and wife, £6; Signora VIDINI, £5; Mrs. SUTTON, £5; and Mr. GRIMALDI and wife, £5. The "music band," £49. These salaries would procure as much at that time as double the amount in our day.

—General NOYES was a very popular minister to France, both under the MCMAHON and GRÉVY administrations. Marshal MCMAHON liked him on account of his former military services. One of the last acts of the official career of General NOYES was to sit for his photograph for the famous French artist BECKER, who is painting for the French government a large picture of the distribution of the flags to the army on the 14th of July, 1880. The corps diplomatique will occupy a prominent place in the picture, as it did at the ceremonial, and General NOYES'S fine face and figure will form an attractive point in the group.

—The Princess BEATRICE, the youngest of Queen VICTORIA'S daughters, is a young woman of some literary and artistic talent, and in her personal ways is "grand, gloomy, and peculiar." She is about to publish a book of sketches for Christmas. London shop windows are full of photographs of her. She strongly resembles her brother "Wales," and her resemblance to her ancestors the GEORGES is marked. She has a beautiful figure, and is as proud as she is pretty. It is known that she could have married ALFONSO, King of Spain, but she preferred her Creed and Litany to Spain and the Breviary.

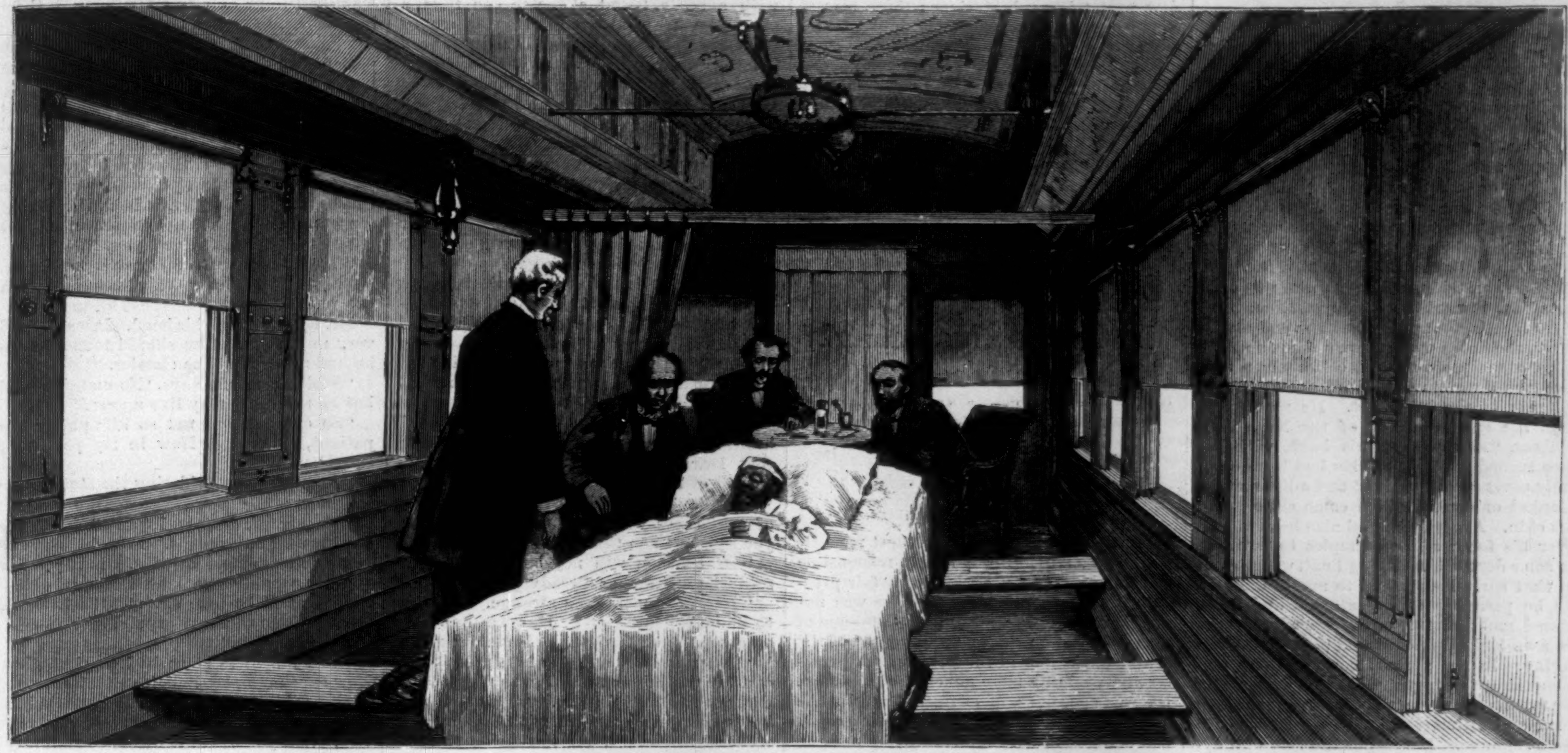
—Mr. LABOUCHERE, in London *Truth*, says that, on the whole, the Duke of Somerset is the cleverest of the British dukes. Only two, ARGYLL and DEVONSHIRE, can at all be compared to him in intellect, and in spite of their varied accomplishments, neither of them has shown the same grasp of difficult problems in religion and politics. He is not wealthy for a duke; though the lord of 25,000 acres and a rental of £38,000 a year would be considered more than rich in any country but England or the United States. But a poor duke can always marry his daughters well. Sir JOHN RAMSDEN, one of his Grace's sons-in-law, owns nearly the whole town of Huddersfield. Shall we say its 70,000 inhabitants into the bargain? The Doomsday estimate of his income at £180,000 a year is thought to be very much under the mark. The duke's elder daughter married another baronet, the GRAHAM of Netherby, who has only a beggarly £27,000 a year. Still, one can manage to live on that.



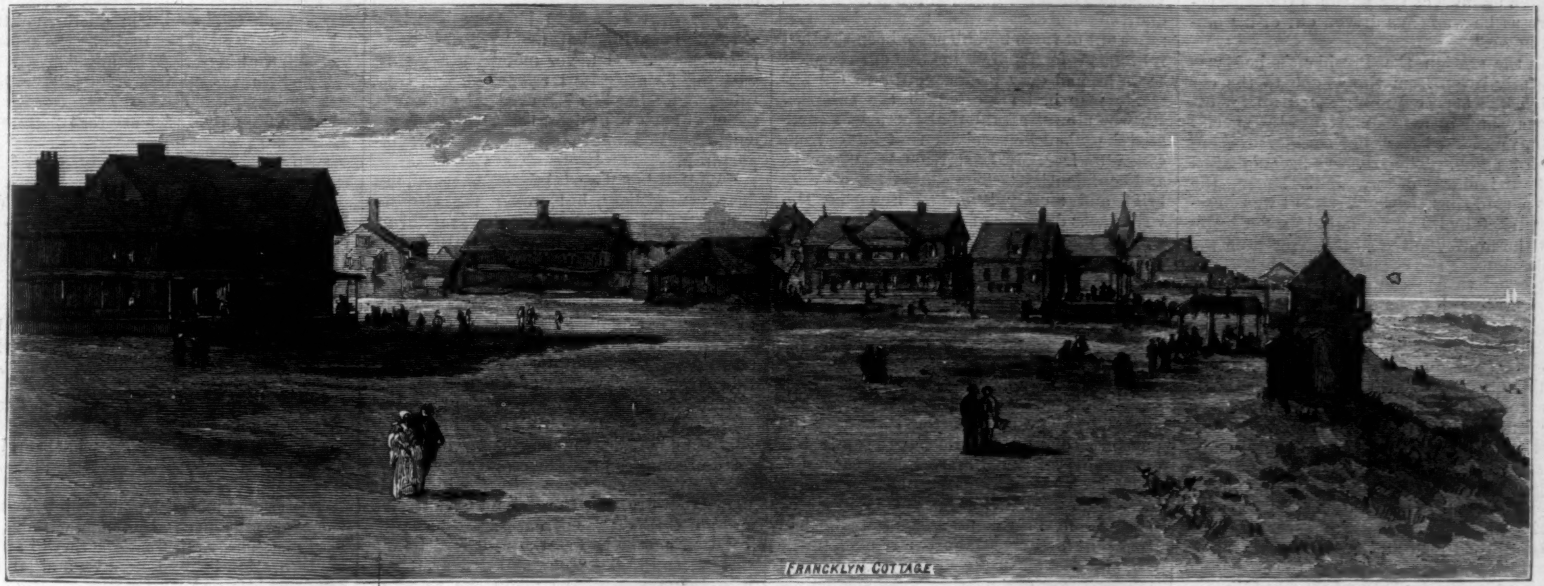
REMOVING THE PRESIDENT FROM THE WHITE HOUSE.—FROM A SKETCH BY THEO. R. DAVIS.

REMOVING THE PRESIDENT FROM THE EXPRESS WAGON TO THE RAILWAY CAR.—FROM A SKETCH BY THEO. R. DAVIS.

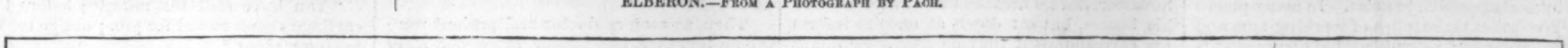
FROM WASHINGTON TO ELBERON.—[SEE PAGE 630.]



ON THE TRAIN—THE PRESIDENT'S CAR.—From a Photograph by Pach.



ELBERON.—From a Photograph by Pach.



REMOVING THE PRESIDENT FROM THE CAR TO FRANCKLYN COTTAGE.—From a Photograph by Pach.

FROM WASHINGTON TO ELBERON.—[See Page 630.]

FROM WASHINGTON TO ELBERON.

The journey of the President from the malarial atmosphere of Washington to the pure air of Elberon forms the subject of our illustrations on pages 628 and 629. In the first our artist pictures the removal of the invalid from the White House to the express wagon, which took place at half past six on the morning of September 6. The President, lying on a stretcher, was borne carefully and slowly to the wagon, in which the bed was placed. The attendants then ranged themselves about the President, three on each side, and the wagon was soon in motion toward the railway station.

As the wagon approached the end of the drive, the gates were thrown open, and the mass of people who had collected to witness the departure obtained a momentary glimpse of the President. He was lying, says the correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, "nearly upon his back, with his face turned to the left. He had been carefully covered with a sheet and a light white blanket or spread, which came close up to his chin. A wet cloth had also been placed over his forehead and temples to mitigate in some degree the stifling heat, which even at that early hour began to manifest itself. As he passed out the gate his eyes were closed, and that part of his face which could be seen looked pinched and pallid with suffering. In the general contour there was something to suggest the face of President GARFIELD to those who have known him long and intimately, but there had been a great change. It was not the face of a dying man, but there was something intensely pitiful in the wasted features and quiet passive manner of the nation's Chief Executive as he was thus driven out of his official home."

At the station the President's bed was carefully lifted from the wagon to the car which had been expressly fitted up for his journey, and in a few moments the special train, preceded by a pilot-engine, proceeded on its way. The trip was accomplished without incident of any kind. During the first part of the ride the President was closely watched by his physicians, in order to detect the first symptoms of danger from the excitement of the occasion. To their relief and great satisfaction, the patient seemed actually to enjoy the experience, and to be improving. His pulse, which reached 118 early in the morning, fell to 110, and even lower. He did not talk much, and, in fact, could not. His voice was too feeble to make his words distinguishable amid the noise of the running train without too much effort on the part of the patient. Several times he asked what time it was, and once or twice inquired the names of stopping-places. Beef tea was the sole nutriment given him during the journey.

In all the towns and cities through which the train passed, crowds of people assembled in silent sympathy. Nowhere was there the slightest approach to noise. In many places where great multitudes of working-men and mechanics had assembled, hats were silently removed, and their owners stood uncovered as the train passed by. Trains upon side tracks, wherever they were encountered, were crowded with people desirous of getting a glimpse of the President, but not obtrusive nor demonstrative. Some people waved flags, but none cheered.

The train reached Elberon a few minutes past one o'clock. The train moved over the track which had been laid during the night and morning from the main road to Francklyn Cottage, which had been prepared for the President's reception; the bed was tenderly lifted by strong men, and the invalid, who had borne the long journey so well, was soon resting in the large airy room in the second story, where the invigorating air from the open sea must have been indeed refreshing after all the long confinement in the sultry air of Washington.

The cottage which had been placed at the President's disposal at Elberon is very favorably situated. It is separated from the beach by only a few rods of green lawn, and there is no region in the neighborhood from which malarial odors can rise. A more healthful situation could hardly have been selected. The cottage itself is large and airy, and the room occupied by the President looks directly out upon the sea.

Devoid of incident as the journey was, it will hold a prominent place in American history. The spectacle was dramatic. The President of the republic lying helpless in a railway car that was flying over the tracks at nearly the rate of a mile a minute, bearing him over two hundred miles away from the Capitol as a last resort to save his life; the engineer putting speed to his locomotive in response to the message of the sufferer, "Tell him to go ahead—I want to get there"; the attendants in the car writing bulletins telling of the patient's brave endurance of the journey, and letting them flutter from the car windows as the train flew past telegraph stations; these scraps of paper caught up and telegraphed to almost every city in the republic, where they are eagerly read in newspapers while yet the train is rushing toward its destination; the nation drawing a long breath of relief, as though in sympathy with the feeling of the patient, upon hearing, almost simultaneously with its accomplishment, that the President has been safely taken to the room by the sea, in which it is hoped that strength may come to him! The history of the republic contains few such dramatic passages.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1288.]

FOR CASH ONLY.

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "FROM EXILE," "UNDER ONE ROOF," "WALTER'S WORD," "WON—NOT WOOED," "WHAT HE COST HER," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DOCTOR FROM LONDON.

DR. BELL, of London, was a most respectable physician, filling a highly responsible medical post, and possessed of a fair practice, but among other Dr. Bells he was not the chief. He was not a specialist—one of those who have made the upper joint of the thumb or the lobe of the left ear their peculiar study—but a mere general practitioner. He was conscious, of course, of merit, like other members of his learned profession, and had a vague notion, entertained by most of us, that the said merit had not been fully appreciated; but that summons to Stokeville, two or three hundred miles from London, took him considerably by surprise. Ten miles out of town had hitherto been the limit of his professional radius, and even in such cases he had only been sent for to old patients who had migrated to the suburbs. He was almost afraid that there was some mistake when he received that letter from Oak Villa from Mr. Lyster, marked "private and confidential." The contents were very brief, and merely informed him that the writer was desirous of obtaining his professional opinion about his case, one of incipient consumption; and that if he could make it convenient to come by the morning express to Stokeville on Thursday, the writer's carriage would meet him at the station, and convey him thither in time for his return by the six-o'clock up-train.

It was a very business-like letter, which gave him confidence in its genuineness, but just at first he was inclined to think that the patient's complaint might have been incipient madness instead of incipient consumption. It also struck him that the letter might have been missent to him, and be intended for Dr. Bell in the next square, who had been sent for to Scotland before now, to the great disgust of the physicians of the modern Athens. Not one word of these suspicions, however, did he breathe even to the wife of his bosom, but sat down at once to inform his correspondent that he had little doubt he could so arrange his professional engagements as to admit of his coming to Stokeville on the day appointed. The interval he spent mainly in gleaning the opinion of his professional brethren—to whom he casually mentioned he had an important case in Slagshire—as to how much it would be advisable to charge per mile. He was a tall, stout gentleman, with an aquiline nose bestridden by gold spectacles, and with an air of cheerful sagacity calculated to inspire confidence in any patient not absolutely moribund—a sort of doctor, in short, whom, for my part, I like.

As he had never been to Slagshire on business, we may be sure it was new to him, for no one in his right mind (except foreign princes who are escorted thither to be instructed in British commercial enterprise, and come back exceedingly dazed and bewildered) ever goes there for pleasure.

"Why, bless my soul, we shall have some thunder," was the observation he made to himself many times on his journey, as he looked up at the leaden and murky air; and when he peeped down from the train into the dark and crowded towns, he thought to himself, "What money people must be making who find it worth their while to live here!" and secretly resolved to put an extra threepence on his rate of mileage. This determination was strengthened by the sight of Mr. Lyster's carriage, which was in waiting for him, as promised—a very well appointed equipage, with a couple of dark bays, which, when they left their stable, had been light bays—while Oak Villa, with its statues and pictures, so impressed him with a sense of superfluity that he felt, in justice to his wife and family, he must make that threepence sixpence.

Clare met him in the hall, and by her father's directions insisted on his having luncheon before he saw the invalid.

"It is impossible, my dear," he had said, with a smile, "that a doctor can take a cheerful view of any patient on an empty stomach, and I don't want him to take a dolorous view. If he asks you any questions about me, you must be as sanguine as you can, because despondency reacts, you know, upon everybody."

Acting upon this hint, Clare spoke as cheerfully as she could in answer to her visitor's questions, which were very few. She said that her father was ill, and very ill, but that of late he had seemed in better spirits; and mentioned his having gone out every day that week in his garden chair.

"Come, *that* looks well, my dear young lady," said the doctor, kindly (he was holding, however, a glass of Madeira up to the light at the same time); "but the weather is a little winterly for out-of-doors, is it not? I suppose he has the sanction of his medical attendant for such an experiment?"

"Why, no. That is, I am not quite sure," hesitated Clare; for she had an impression that Dr. Dickson had not altogether approved of it.

"Well, well, I shall have the opportunity of conferring with Dr.—Dickson, I think you said?—upon that little point."

"Dr. Dickson will not be here to-day," said Clare; "he has already paid his visit."

"But, dear me, that's strange. Is there to be no consultation? How am I to hear what treatment has been hitherto pursued?"

"Oh, papa has all that at his fingers' ends, and the prescriptions, and so on," answered Clare, a little confusedly. "It is not that he is not quite satisfied with his ordinary medical attendant, but he wishes to have the very best advice (as of course he will get in your case), and independent of any other."

The doctor bowed; he thought Clare not only beautiful, but endowed with great perspicacity. "I never met with a young woman," he afterward remarked, "so conspicuous for her intelligence." In the presence of such a hostess, the considerations even of professional etiquette lost their importance.

"Well, it is not certainly quite usual, my dear young lady, but under the circumstances—and since you say my should-be confrère has paid his visit, and in point of fact gone—there is nothing for it but to give way. So if Mr. Lyster is quite ready, and as my time is limited—thank you, I will take just one more glass of that exquisite Madeira; it is unwholesome—bad for the coats of the—I mean for everything—but it is irresistible. Very good, I'll follow you." And the doctor rose, with a smack of his lips, so gentle and yet so full of appreciation that if he had been a clergyman you would have pronounced it to be a private grace.

Mr. Lyster, who was sitting in his study by a small fire, rose to receive his visitor, in spite of the latter's entreaties.

"I am not so bad as that, doctor," he observed, smiling. "Clare, my dear, I am afraid you must have made the worst of me."

Then, as soon as doctor and patient were alone together, the former proceeded after a few questions to business.

It is needless to describe it. Few of us, alas! are unfamiliar in our persons, or in those dear to us, of the knocking and the thumping at our creaking doors that take place under such sad circumstances—the "Does this hurt you?" and "Does that hurt you?" and the "Now draw a deep breath."

To any student of human nature the features of Dr. Bell would have been a curious study, so distinctly could the seriousness with which the case speedily inspired him be seen stealing under that professional smile of encouragement which never left his face. When he had quite completed his investigations, he said, "Yes." A most significant monosyllable, which seemed to imply that at one time certain indications had puzzled him, but that now all was clear, and the case was at his finger-ends.

"The left lung is gone, as I understand," said Mr. Lyster, quietly.

"Well, really, gone is a strong word; it is very seriously affected, no doubt. But then one lung is of no great consequence. Men have lived for half a century with one lung."

"But the other? That is in a bad way too, is it not?"

"Well, it is far from sound. There is serious damage; in fact, if I had been called earlier, say six months ago, I should have recommended Madeira—the island, of course," added Dr. Bell, moved by a recent reminiscencé.

"But, as it is, things have gone too far?" inquired the patient, calmly.

"Why, yes. When one considers the voyage, and the leaving home, and the worries."

"I should die before I left the steamer," interrupted Mr. Lyster, finishing the sentence for him. "So I imagined."

"Nay, indeed, I did not say that," said the doctor, soothingly. "You have a good deal of vitality, I should say; even the power of will goes for something in these cases, and we take things quietly while looking them in the face, I am glad to see."

"I know that I am dying, doctor." The patient waited for a moment, perhaps in hopes that the other might say something, give even a sign of negation, but there was an ominous silence. "Yes, I am quite prepared for that," he continued; "it is not a question of eternity, therefore" (here there was a flicker of a smile), "but of time. It is concerning that matter, indeed, that I sent for you. I know it is not probable, but is it possible that I shall live a year?"

"Well, really, in the classics, you know, some one says, I forget who, but perhaps you can remember—"

Mr. Lyster shook his head. It was indeed very unlikely that he should remember, as he had never read the classics.

"Well, some one says, 'No man is so old but he thinks he may live a year.'"

"So old, yes, but not so ill," put in the patient, bluntly. "Now in my particular case?"

"I am afraid, considering the state of the left lung—"

"Very good, doctor; I want to know the truth, and I have got it. Now, instead of a year, let us say six months. Is it possible—again, you observe, I don't say probable—that I shall be here six months hence: I mean, of course, above-ground?"

"It is *possible*."

"Ah, I see; it is as bad as that, then. Now once more, Dr. Bell, if you are not tired of these childish questions; they remind one of a barrister with his victim in the witness-box, 'Will you swear it wasn't ten minutes? will you swear it wasn't five minutes? will you swear it wasn't four minutes and a quarter?' and so on."

"Not at all," said the doctor, politely. "You wish to elicit the truth by the Socratic method, that is all. Why not?"

The Socratic method might have been trepanning for all Mr. Lyster knew about it, but he understood at least that permission had been given to him to proceed.

"Now, doctor, tell me truly, shall I live three months?"

"I can't say, of course, for certain, my dear Mr. Lyster; but I honestly tell you—humanly speaking—that I think it very likely you will."

"Thank you. You have taken a great load from my mind; or rather you have given me hope, which is strength, to bear the load. As I understand you, I may or may not be alive this day three months, but the probabilities are that I shall be."

"The probabilities are," said the doctor, firmly, "that you will be."

"Very good. And now what am I indebted to you for this welcome and satisfactory visit?"

The doctor named a sum, which included the extra sixpence for mileage, without hesitation. The word "satisfactory" had put that question beyond a doubt, and Mr. Lyster drew him a check for it.

"You have still ten minutes before the carriage comes round for you; oblige me by taking a cigar."

"It will make you cough," urged the other, kindly; though, to say the truth, it was the very thing his lips had been yearning for ever since his luncheon.

"Not at all; I smoke myself, though, alas! it is no longer tobacco—these medicated cigarettes."

"Ay, ay," said the doctor, lighting the magnificent Intimidad his companion offered him, the value of which (not to mention its length) perhaps suggested, though too late, more mileage. "I have heard them spoken well of in asthmatic cases."

"You are the consulting physician, I believe, for the 'Halycon Insurance Company'?"

The doctor started, as well he might. A terrible suspicion began to dawn upon him. Perhaps it would be necessary to express himself to this excellent gentleman, for whom he felt a sincere regard, in less honeyed tones than he had hitherto used. He was sure he had not committed himself by the expression of a too sanguine opinion, but he felt that he might have done so, and that, if so, such opinion would have been obtained from him to some degree under false pretenses. His face grew grave.

"Yes, Mr. Lyster, I am."

"In view of the facts of which you have possessed yourself, Dr. Bell, it would, of course, be idle to apply to the 'Halycon Office' in the ordinary way. My life is like an empty purse, not worth their taking. But for six months—"

Dr. Bell shook his head.

"Well, then, let us say for three. You said that it was very likely I should live for three months."

"I said 'humanly speaking,'" replied the doctor, evasively. "The probabilities no doubt are in your favor. But the 'Halycon' has always set its face against extraordinary risks."

"But if the proposed premium should be

in proportion to the risk?" urged Mr. Lyster, earnestly. "I am prepared to pay any premium in reason."

"To be sure, that alters the case. May I ask—not that I am curious, but I conclude from what you say that you propose to make me in some sort your intermediary—may I ask the sum for which you propose to insure your life for the three months?"

"Certainly you may. Indeed, I wish you to act for me in this matter. The sum is one hundred thousand pounds."

"Bless my soul and body!" exclaimed the doctor. That question of mileage, past and gone though it was, began to assume in his eyes quite gigantic proportions. "That is a very large sum."

"And the premium will be also large, no doubt," observed Mr. Lyster. "What I want to know is simply how much it will be. I will send a form of application to the company, and then can only trust to your good offices."

"Those, Mr. Lyster," returned the other, gravely, "will be at your disposal. But I have no authority, no influence whatever, remember."

"I did not suppose you had, my dear sir. You will, of course, simply do your duty. I shall say that you have seen me, and there's an end. My motive in sending for you was to make you acquainted, as the consulting physician for the society, with my state of health; and if possible I should like to keep the matter a private and confidential one. If it should be necessary to place yourself in communication with Dr. Dickson, my ordinary medical attendant—"

"It will be absolutely necessary," interposed the other.

"Then be so good as to enjoin him to keep the matter secret. I think I have nothing more to say."

Nor had the doctor either. Indeed, he had a vague impression that in his character as physician he had already said a little too much as regarded his other calling, that of consulting adviser to the "Halycon." He could not divest himself of the idea that he had been induced to take a too cheerful view under something like false pretenses. It was not that, however (though he thought it was), which gave his mind a twist prejudicial to his late patient, so much as that unfortunate admission of Mr. Lyster's that his motive in sending for him was the fact that he was connected with the insurance company. Hitherto he had persuaded himself that the reason of his having been sent for had been a much more obvious and natural one, namely, because he stood so high on the medical tree.

"A hundred thousand pounds, and only for three months," he murmured to himself as he got into Mr. Lyster's carriage. "There's something fishy about that, or I'm mistaken."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PRESIDENTIAL INABILITY.

RICHFIELD SPRINGS, *September* 3, 1881.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—By the blessing of Providence it is now probable that the life of President Garfield will be spared. Two reasons, however, exist which render it desirable to continue the discussion concerning the constitutional meaning of "inability," and the mode of meeting that condition. It may be a long time before the President is restored to full health; temporary abstinence from all business and absence from the seat of government may be essential to his complete recovery, or to such recovery as may be possible. But, again, whether this interval shall be longer or shorter, and assuming, as we may fervently hope, that his recovery will be, at no very distant period, sufficient to allow of his discharge of the duties of his office, it is yet eminently desirable that there should be a standing law providing for a mode of ascertaining the "inability" of a President, and determining the question whether such inability is to have the same effect as death or resignation, or whether the President is to resume his official functions when he is able to discharge them. The necessity for such legislation has been made only too apparent by what has occurred. Undoubtedly the legislation on this subject must be shaped with the utmost care; but there can be no insuperable difficulty in shaping it in accordance with both the letter and spirit of the Constitution.

By referring to the letter which, at your suggestion, I addressed to you on the 12th ultimo, published in your paper of the 27th ultimo, your readers will understand the basis on which I rested a full authority in Congress to regulate this whole subject by law, subject only to the restraint that the powers and duties of the office, in the case of the President's "inability," can be devolved on no one but the Vice-President. The basis of this authority is that clause of the Constitution which enables Congress to pass all laws necessary and proper for carrying into execution the powers vested by the Constitution in the whole government, or in any one of its departments, or in any one of its officers. A practical suspension of the Executive Power arising from the "inability" of the President, whether that suspension is total or partial, makes legislation "necessary," and what Congress has to do is to select the "proper"—that is, the appropriate—means of meeting the necessity. In the selection of the means appropriate to the end, there is comprehended a power to decide whether the condition of "inability" shall have the same effect as the death or resignation of the incumbent; for inasmuch as the Constitution does not of itself declare that it shall have this effect, it is necessarily left to Congress, in the exercise of its legislative authority, to provide the means for perpetuating the execution of the Executive Power, to determine whether "inability," when once legally ascertained, shall operate in the same way as the death or resignation of the President. After full reflection, it seems to me entirely clear that Congress has ample authority to provide by law for relieving the President for a fixed period of time from the performance of the duties of his office, and for his resumption of the duties at the expiration of that period. I am led to this conclusion by the following considerations:

The language of the Constitution is not necessarily to be interpreted to mean that the "inability" of the President, when ascertained, is to displace him from the office for the whole remainder of the term for which he was chosen. Congress can not by any legislation devolve the performance of the duties upon any but the Vice-President when there is a Vice-President able to perform them. But it does not follow that "inability" is to work the same effect as death or resignation. "Inability" may be temporary; death or resignation produces a total and endless incapacity. To illustrate the nature of this condition of "inability" let me suppose a case. The President in a time of war might be in a town closely besieged by the enemy. During the war of 1812–15 President Madison came pretty near to being in this predicament. There is, of course, very little probability that such a hazard will ever be incurred again, but the illustration is none the less important for that reason. Supposing the President to be shut up in a besieged place, no order that he could issue or paper that he might sign could operate beyond the lines of the besieging force. Again, the President might be taken prisoner by an invading enemy, and although remaining in perfectly good condition of mind and body, the whole Executive Power, so far as its personal exercise by the President was required, would be paralyzed throughout the country. In either of these cases, is it to be supposed that the Vice-President would not only have to discharge the duties while the temporary restraint of the President's person continued, but that he ought to remain the real Executive after the restraint had been removed? There is nothing in the language of the Constitution, or in its purpose, that would lead to this result. It speaks of "inability to *discharge* the powers and duties of the said office." This inability may be permanent or temporary; it may be a capacity to perform the duties in one place, and an incapacity to perform them in any other place; it may be a partial incapacity in all places, or a total incapacity in all places. The language of the Constitution, applicable alike to these various predicaments, is that "the same"—the powers and duties, or the office—"shall devolve on the Vice-President." It is left to legislation to determine for how long they shall so devolve. The terms "discharge" and "devolve" throw light upon each other, because they both relate to the same thing. It is in order that the powers and duties of the office may be executed that they are to devolve on the Vice-President when the President is unable to discharge them, and the term "devolve" necessarily requires legislative definition as to the period for which they are to devolve. From the nature of the constitutional mandate the legislative provision may be just as extensive in point of time as Congress may see fit to make it, always keeping within the unexpired portion of the term for which the President was elected. And this is true, whether the "office" or "the powers and duties" is to be regarded as the antecedent referred to by the words "the same"; for whether it is the one or the other, it is the exercise of the Executive Power that is to devolve on the Vice-President in the case of the President's inability to perform the Executive functions, and the Constitution has wisely and purposely refrained from declaring or implying that such inability, once existing and ascertained, shall work the same effect as death, resignation, or removal from office. It has not said this even in the double case of inability of both the President and Vice-President, but, on the contrary, it has provided that the officer who shall be designated by Congress to act as President shall so act until the disability of either the President or the Vice-President shall be removed or a new President shall be chosen.

So long as President Garfield shall continue to draw the breath of life, during the remainder of his term, the following things will remain true: *First*, that his capacity to discharge the powers and duties of his office, if doubtful, must be legally ascertained by some form of inquiry provided by an act of Congress, which will include the definition of what constitutes "inability." *Second*, that Congress, in its wisdom and discretion, will have perfect authority to give time, if need be, for his complete restoration to health, by providing that the powers and duties of the office shall be exercised by the Vice-President for a fixed period of time, at the end of which the President shall resume his functions, on its being ascertained, in the mode which the law will provide, that he is able to discharge them. *Third*, that no person but the President himself can perform the executive act of summoning Congress in an extra session, if it shall become necessary or expedient to have one; and no person or body other than Congress, acting by legislation, can ascertain and declare that a case of the President's "inability" has arisen; nor can Congress or any other department of the government take judicial notice of the President's "inability," however notorious it may be to all mankind, as all magistrates and public bodies can and do take judicial notice of his death, resignation, or removal from office. *Fourth*, that there can be no person but the President to whom Congress can send a bill on this subject for the purpose of having it become a law. Sent to him, it would become a law either by his signature, or by being passed over his "veto," or by the effect of his detaining it for more than ten days. The idea that the Vice-President could sign such a bill is not to be admitted for a moment. I allude to it only because I have seen something like it suggested in the public prints, and not because I suppose that any person in any official station imagines that it would be possible.

Upon the whole matter, I am convinced that if the President continues to live, even if he should be unable intelligently and consciously to sign a bill providing for the determination of the question of his "inability," and relieving him from the performance of his official duties for a fixed period of time, if Congress should see fit and deem it best to make that provision, there will be no insuperable difficulty in reaching a safe result in accordance with both the language and the intent of the Constitution. The President and his friends ought to have no scruples in regard to his becoming a conscious party to such legislation; for tenderly as the whole nation must feel toward his personal welfare, their representatives must and will act, if they act at all, upon high considerations of the public welfare in framing such an important precedent. In signing such a bill, or in accepting its benefits, the President would be but a representative of the public will, whose official signature to a bill is one of the constitutional modes in which it can become a law.

Of all things, I hope that I shall not be understood as presuming to urge upon those who are around the President that his mind be now directed to one or another step. I have had no object in what I have written but to contribute the little that I might toward a true understanding of what will be practicable when the time comes for the consideration of what is best to be done.

Yours most respectfully,
GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

IT is to be inferred that Arizona criminals who desire to be popular do not steal horses. The crime of a prisoner now in jail in that Territory is alluded to by the local newspaper as "the very unpopular offense of horse-stealing."

When the Georgia negroes begin to move their melons and pumpkins to high ground, the weather sharps predict hard rains and floods.

As late as the 1st of September there was a snow-bank a hundred feet long in Tuckerman's Ravine, in the White Mountains.

Among the prospectors for precious metals in Colorado who have recently made their fortunes are two colored men, who sold their claims in the Horse-shoe Mountain for over a hundred thousand dollars.

Among the recent applicants at the Mayor's office in St. Louis, Missouri, for permission to carry a pistol was a clergyman. In the absence of the Mayor, the desired permission was refused by an impertinent police sergeant, who told the minister that he ought to rely on Providence for protection. A well-known authority says that any law forbidding a citizen to carry weapons for his protection is unconstitutional, that the law can be valid only against the carrying of concealed weapons, and that the peaceably disposed man who carries a pistol with which to protect himself does not put it in his pocket to conceal it, but because he finds that the most convenient place in which to carry it. The law against pistol-carrying does not deter the lawless and dangerous class from going armed, while it prevents many law-abiding persons from providing themselves with proper defense against the lawless.

A Petersburg (Virginia) newspaper ventures to say that when "two valuable citizens" go forth for the purpose of killing each other, their conduct is "contrary to good morals and the law of the State."

One of the Plymouth Brethren—a religious sect of which there is a congregation in Montreal—was asked why they never spoke of the Plymouth Sisters. "Oh!" was the reply, "the Brethren embrace the sisters."

The word "guilty" was spelled correctly on only one of the twelve ballots of a jury which recently convicted a prisoner in Orange County.

Clouds of flies were seen the other evening passing over the town of Windsor, Nova Scotia, in a southerly direction. They flew just above the roofs of the houses, and the insects were so numerous that they obscured the sky. A few of the insects were captured, and it is said that they looked "very like large mosquitoes."

The cry of "Hot wheat" recently occasioned a flurry in the Chicago grain market. Those timid persons should hear the cry of "Hot corn," as it is shouted in the Bowery on a Saturday night.

The text of a Toledo (Ohio) preacher's sermon was, "He giveth His beloved sleep." In the midst of his discourse he broke off and said, "I see that there are a few atheists awake on the back seats, and the remaining half-hour I shall devote to them."

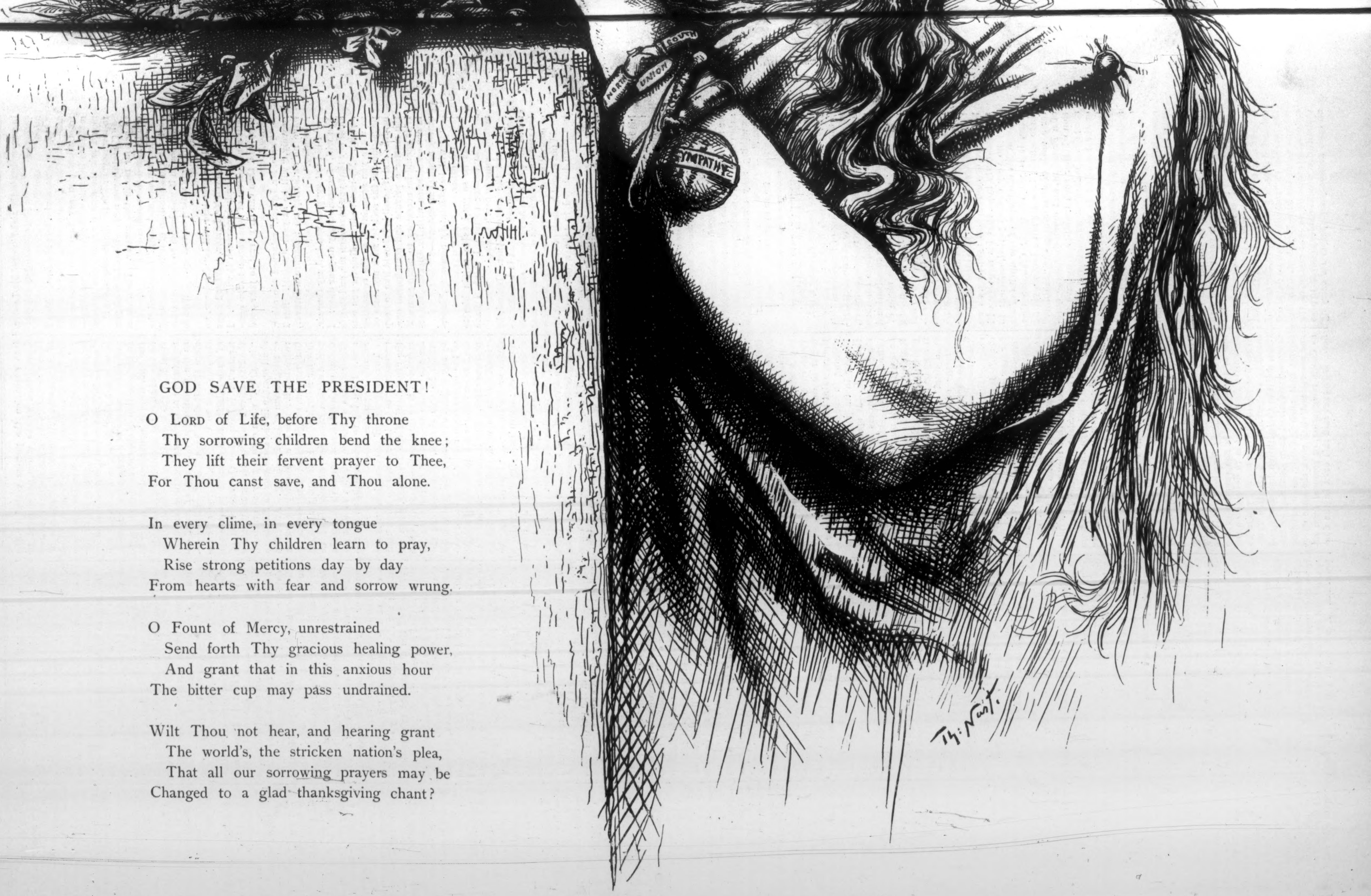
The cheap-fare Herdic coach has appeared at Niagara Falls, and the autocrats who control the paths and bridges are thinking of making a general raise in the price of the luxury of walking.

A Maryland man agreed last spring to give his neighbor a horse and sleigh, valued at one hundred and fifty dollars, for one-half of his neighbor's peach crop. At the harvest, a few weeks ago, two peaches were found, one of which was promptly delivered in payment for the horse and sleigh, as per agreement.

A writer in London who has conversed with William Lee Howard, recently returned from an exploring expedition to Iceland, reports that he was told that the general opinion there is that James Gordon Bennett's yacht, the *Jeannette*, has been caught in the ice and crushed, and that her crew could not have survived the severities of the past winter in the polar regions. That the crew may have taken to winter-quarters and saved themselves is considered almost the only contingency on which to base hope for their safety.

The brigands of Thessaly have at length been outwitted by a captive. His name is Janni Boyardji, but he is a British subject nevertheless. He made no objection to paying the ransom demanded, and offered to take two of the brigands with him in a small boat to a village where he could get the money. On the way he managed to upset the boat, and swam ashore, leaving the brigands to drown.

Richmond, Virginia, is undergoing an experience such as will come to New York within a few years unless the water supply of this city is greatly increased. The water famine in Richmond has reached an alarming stage. A stench from the unwashed sewers pervades the city, and many families have been driven to the country. In the houses of the poor the lack of water is most severely felt. Physicians say that the mortality among this class will be very great unless relief in the shape of heavy showers soon comes. So great is the scarcity of water that crowds gather around the springs and fight for opportunity to fill their buckets, rendering the presence of policemen at such points necessary. Speculative negroes cart water through the streets and sell it for five cents a bucket. Water brought from the country brings a dollar a barrel. Residents have been requested by the Fire Committee to enroll themselves as volunteer firemen, and the supply of axes at the engine-houses has been increased. Already in New York city some of the worst results of a scarcity of water are apparent. There are large sections in which the smell from drying waste pipes through which no clean water runs is almost sickening to persons walking through the streets, and in the upper stories of the tenement-houses throughout the city all the pipes are dry during the greater part of the day. The supply of water can not be greatly increased so long as the city depends upon the old aqueduct. Where the aqueduct was built on yielding ground the structure has settled, so that when the other parts are filled with water to the line marking the limit of the strain that may safely be put upon it, the strain in such sections as have settled is far greater than was intended to be borne when the structure was new. Thus, even while furnishing an insufficient supply, the old aqueduct is in great danger of a break that would result in the utmost peril to the health of the city, and would leave the Fire Department almost destitute of means with which to fight flames.



GOD SAVE THE PRESIDENT!

O LORD of Life, before Thy throne
  Thy sorrowing children bend the knee;
  They lift their fervent prayer to Thee,
For Thou canst save, and Thou alone.

In every clime, in every tongue
  Wherein Thy children learn to pray,
  Rise strong petitions day by day
From hearts with fear and sorrow wrung.

O Fount of Mercy, unrestrained
  Send forth Thy gracious healing power,
  And grant that in this anxious hour
The bitter cup may pass undrained.

Wilt Thou not hear, and hearing grant
  The world's, the stricken nation's plea,
  That all our sorrowing prayers may be
Changed to a glad thanksgiving chant?

AN AUTUMN SONG.

By MARGARET EYTINGE.

'Twas in the spring we met, my dear,
One showery April day;
The grass was full of violets
And pretty buds of May.
I looked at you, you looked at me,
The birds began to sing,
And on each bush rain-jewels hung
When we met in the spring.

'Twas in the fragrant summer, dear;
The roses everywhere
Were blushing with a proud delight
To find themselves so fair,
When I your sweet red lips, my dear,
No longer could resist,
And you confessed you loved me, dear,
In summer when we kissed.

'Twas in the lovely autumn, dear;
The fields were rich in grain,
Bright berries gleamed on way-side vines,
And glowed along the lane,
And all the trees were gayly dressed
In russet, gold, and red—
In autumn, when the grapes were ripe,
And we, my dear, were wed.

Then blessed be spring, for it first showed
Your sunny face to me;
And blessed be summer, for it heard
You vow my love to be;
And doubly blessed be autumn for
The crowning of my life:
It saw that happy day, my dear,
When you became my wife.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1251, Vol. XXIV.]

CHRISTOWELL.

A Dartmoor Tale.

By R. D. BLACKMORE,

Author of "Mary Anerley," "Lorna Doone," "Cripps, the Carrier," etc.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

AMONG THE CORN.

When big rogues are about, which happens seven days in the week at least, honest men and women feel the deepest interest in them; not from fear alone—oh no, even the women are not afraid—but partly from pure joy at having one's neighbor robbed, and not one's self, and partly from jealousy of beholding enterprise beyond one's own. Any play that has a fine thief in it makes us heartily thump the floor, and the tale of his life holds us suspended until the dear hero is *sus. per coll.*

Any such romantic doings of the night are doubly refreshing to the human system in the glare of day, and the social glow and the radiant encouragement of a large beer can. And when the men have worked hard and earned their talk, and have women among them at once to enliven and chasten the tenor of their discourse, the truth of their tales receives a flash of fancy, at which they will shudder when they go home in the dark.

"Farmer Willum" (as Mr. William Bird was called, to distinguish him from his brother John) was renting, besides his moorland farm, on which he would never think of trying to grow wheat, a snug little piece, of about thirty acres, down in the lowlands below Christowell. Here there was rich alluvial soil, stolen by the river from its earlier stage, and spread out well above the reach of floods, for man to stick his staff of life in. And Farmer Willum had stuck it in well, with stable support and the increment of cows, ere ever the farmers began to be cheated with stuff they now test in their tobacco pipes. But not to say a word that might afford ground of action to any artificial company, it would be a libel to deny that Farmer Willum had got a very prime piece of wheat just here. He was as proud as Punch about it, although he only said: "Middling—well, middling. I have seen worse, and I have seen better. In these bad times us must be thankful for aught that it pleases the Lord to send. But a' never would have been like that without sixty load of muck as I drawed in."

Now the day was come for reaping this, after Farmer Willum had been in and felt it, and found the kern gone out of milk, and looked fifty times at his weather-glass, and tapped it with his knuckles every time to detect any wavering of its hand, and listened for it to tick, for he never could understand how it could go without ticking; and after a long council with his wife, who despised a clock that never told the time of day, down he went to the "Three Horseshoes," on a Saturday night, when all the useful men were there, and he said, through a beard that would be reaped to-morrow: "Drat the weather! I can't make head or tail of 'un. And John Sage never cometh here now. But rain, hail, or shine, I've a made up my mind to cut they three Oxlands Monday morning. Any of you lads as has worked for me afore, come into the travellers' room, and speak your minds concerning it."

And now here they were, and had been hard at it up to eleven o'clock of day, according to the stroke from the high church tower, which came down the valley and rejoiced their hearts. Then they flung down their sickles, and they left their binds; and the children, who had long been endangering their spotty fat legs among the flash of steel, raced down the ditch for their fathers' knotted kerchiefs, or hats, according as the case might be, and brought them, with a dutiful sniff at the contents, to the spot where the cider barrel stood upon its wheels.

The sun was very strong, and it was time to call a halt. Brawny men wiped their reeking brows, and untied the fillet that kept their shaggy hair back, and some, with stiff legs bowed by straddling, went down to the brook to cool arms and faces. The rest made straightway for the cider barrel, where Mrs. Willum sat upon a milking-stool to temper liberality with justice. And this was a thing requiring care and quick memory, as well as strength of mind, so many were the tricks of crafty men—coming with a hat on, coming with it off, coming with their neighbor's hat, meanly sending their neighbor's wife when their own had had it, and, worst of all, turning their coat, like Liberals, for the sake of another pint out of the spigot. But the farmer's wife was tolerably sharp, and the sharpest of them cheated her no more than twice, and that was the stupid Sam Slowbury.

For this was a man of such deliberation, and so many children, that a very cool mind was needed to take a sinister view of him. His countenance alone, and his style of thinking—which could be seen in his forehead when he did it—and the gentle kindling of his eyes when he began to begin to understand a thing, and, above all, the slow and steadfast wrinkles of his smile, which came like a summer groundswell as soon as it was impossible for him not to understand—these and many other gifts, to be envied rather than understood, proved beyond doubt that if nature can be trusted, Sam was the last man who could ever be a rogue.

It is not within the present limit to enter into, far less to settle—as every one does to his own content—points of extreme and extremely vague delicacy. But for the sake of human nature (which, in spite of its own convictions, does not always know exactly what it is about) it is only fair to say that if Sam Slowbury was a rogue at all, it was entirely beyond his knowledge, and purely for the sake of his family.

"Missus," he said, when he had done some of his dinner, but kept some more to be done yet, and a horn of cider to go after it, "if e' can foind to spare a minute, come and git upon this here stook out o' the zen, and tell up a bit."

Betty Sage—for Sam was speaking with this freedom of address to no less a person—looked at Sam, as much as to say, "Young man, you are making too bold with your betters." But it came to her mind that the harvest field might level for the moment even the distinction between the head gardener of a Colonel and a mere Captain's understrapper; therefore she smiled, as Sam showed his horn of cider, and letting down her linsey-woolsey, followed to hear what this laborer might have to tell her. Slowbury's wits were at their best, because he had been working hard, being compelled to keep pace with the rest, unless he were prepared to taste reaping-hook, and the movement of his body had worked his mind up. Moreover, he was conscious of some cash in pocket, and his consciousness was brisker to rejoice therein than his consciousness to grieve over it. And who shall blame the parent of so many small bread-baskets?

"Why, Sam! I never knowed 'e look so peart," Mrs. Sage began, almost before they had settled their quarters upon the two stooks, in a corner the sun had done with; "whativer hath come to 'e now, Sam Slowbury? Too much zider, I reckon. Hand me over. I ha'n't had a drop to count on."

But this solution of his "psychical phenomena" by a disinterested observer was not satisfactory to Sam. "Naw, naw," said he; "plaize to baide a bit. The time of the women-volk beginneth when the men be done with." To illustrate this he sloped his horn, displaying a throat well adapted for its duties, and intent upon them now, according to the evidence of a sliding lump in front. This was observed by Betty Sage with a large and liberal contempt. "Did 'e think as I wanted thy zider?" she asked, as Sam laid down the empty horn.

"Your maister be getting on bravely, they tell, over yonner to Ockington," said Slowbury, with his tones refreshed; "I have a-heered zay, putting wan thing with another, and allowing of what a' bringeth home on Zinday, fowe-and-twenty zhillin' a week be not a brass farden below the vally!"

"What heed of thaine, Sam Slowbury?" inquired Mrs. Sage, leaning forward on her stook, and with sternly set wrinkles regarding him; "'tis the brains as doeth it; and if the Lord in His wisdom hath not gifted thee with many, He hath made it thy dooty not to grumble."

"And I be not a-grumbling," answered Sam, humbly fingering his big head; "I be quite zatisfied with my allowance, though a' don't vetch their vally out of harvest-time. But I coom here to do 'e a good turn, Mother Sage, and all I gets for it is to foind 'e a-zitting in the zeats of the scornful."

"Not the worst of my henemies can say that of me," Betty Sage answered, with politeness, as Sam began to fill his pipe, with a nod of superior indifference. "If thou hast aught to say, Sam, say it. Thy mother was a sensible woman before thee, and many's the good turn I've a-doed her. And her always said, 'My son Sam will repay thee.' Can'e call to mind the red brick taybeggin?"

"Ay, and the lather there was when I brak 'un, because her were a marriage present. So be, missus, I'll be toord, and tell 'e. Don't 'e let your maister ever goo to Weist Tor of a Friday night. He be getting on in years, but the life of him wur gived to him fur so long as he can count it."

"And why, if you plaize, Sam Slowbury, is John Sage to be denied of going to Weist Tor of a Friday night? Hath a' doed any sin for Old Nick to grab 'un?"

"No more nor the main of us, to my knowledge, missus. And old John be pretty wull a match for Old Nick, with his general sin to help 'un. But though a' was a fust-fly wrastler on a time, and could show a good fall yet wi' sich a chap as I be, what could a' do, missis, what could a' do, wi' a score of big men a-top of 'un?"

"A' maight crape out. A' can turn winderful," the old lady answered, with a smile at thinking of some of her husband's stories; "but who be they that he be bound to ware of?"

"I've a-told 'e enough," Master Slowbury answered, shaking all the sheaves of the stook as he got up. "Rippers be to wark agin; time for me to vall in, or vorvet dreppence."

"Reckon thou wilt spake again bumbai. Us shall have to wait upon 'e, zupper-time."

"Missus, it goo'th agin my conscience, and nort but old times wud 'a made me zay the words as I have zed. Don't 'e tell no one. For good now, don't 'e."

"I'll pay the dreppence, Sam, for half an hour of thee. For good now, stop a bit, and unfold thy maning."

"If I wor to spake anither word," said Slowbury, buckling up his breeches' strap to go to work again, "'twud be worse than the procading of thic beastie by the gate."

Farmer Willum's donkey had come down the hill with a basket of refreshment for Mistress Willum and the maids of the farm, who were hungry; and perceiving no sign of the like for himself, was unburdening his grievances in a loud hee-haw.

"You get along; I don't attach no importance to 'e," Mrs. Sage exclaimed, as Sam strode away, with his rip-hoop swinging. "Thy mother were a fule before thee; and I doubt whether thou be bigger fule or rogue, Sam Slowbury."

Although her mind was eased by this discharge, in a minute or two it became again uneasy, as she saw Sam swaying in the reapers' rank. He was the biggest man there save one, and he seemed to make the cleanest sweep of all; and he laughed beyond the power of the rest at jokes, without taking any pains to make his own, the which is the wisest of all human wit. Betty Sage watched him, and went reasoning with herself that he must have something in him to behave like that. And when the reapers halted in the bottom by the hedge, and one of them sought counsel of Sam, and he scolded a fellow of some cleverness for setting up the stooks, Mrs. Sage was glad indeed to see Betty Cork come up the rigs.

"I hope I see you well, ma'am. How hot the sun be! But her maketh no difference to your complexion. Ah, Mrs. Cork, with my John away so, I can hardly pronoonce the words inside me."

Mrs. Cork, who was the mother of Solomon (now earning his keep and £5 a year under my lady at Touchwood Park), and herself kept the chief shop in Christowell, was not come to work, of course, but to look at the work, and deliver her opinion, and jot down the names of the men who were earning corn-wages, and must be looked up next Saturday night to pay their debts, ere ever they spent them. But though Mrs. Cork had an eye to business, as every one must have to live thereby, she was not above enjoyment of herself sometimes, and of pleasurable doings around her. Moreover, Mrs. Sage paid ready money, though she might have had credit up to thirty shillings if she booked her orders; and Mrs. Cork, being of liberal mind, refused to be irritated by the lies that came to her shop about old John spending all the loose of his money at Ockington. Her faith in him was that he kept it all tight, and could not even bear to run a bill up, because of the pain accumulating at the time of settlement. These meditations made Mrs. Cork, although with her holiday gown on, speak quite as if Betty Sage were her equal.

"And I hope I see you well, ma'am, also," she replied, with a sweet nod of her bonnet; "if you are as good as your looks, Mrs. Sage, we never need tremble about 'e. 'Tis the sperrit as keepeth our heads up, ma'am; and I wish I wur like 'e, sometimes, that I do. 'Tis a down-hearted thing to contend, as I do, without ever a husband to go on at. He hath been in church-yard seven year now; and though he took his pleasure ill-convenient sometimes, when it cometh to the slating work I do miss 'un sadly. What a gift a' had of the rathmetick!"

A person scant of reverence for his betters (when gone beyond expostulation) might have been low enough almost to say that the late Mr. Cork's arithmetical gifts were mainly exerted in doubling the objects within his field of vision. But Mrs. Sage knew what mankind is, and never blamed any man seven years too late.

"His gifts of discoorse led 'un into faine society," she replied, as she made a soft place for Mrs. Cork; "I've a' often feared the same of my good man; but John sticketh fast by his airnings. I have heered say, ma'am, that your Master Cork could hold his own with the best of they as writes this papper."

"He were the front of them, the foremost on the rank," Mr. Cork's widow made answer, as she struck a celebrated journal with her knuckles; "I've a-seen him many times correct they printers, though a' never zeed a printer's press himzell. Winderful to my mind how ever a' could contraive it. I takes in the papper still for the sake of my Harry, but a' never zim'th to be worth rading now. Half the long words is gone, since they lost his vaine larnin'. Here's a bit of stuff! To think what Harry would 'a made of it!"

Mrs. Cork, although she talked like this, was proud enough, as everybody knew inside the shop, of taking, and managing to make out mainly, an admirable journal of the west of England, which combined all the dash of the brightest London style with a sharpness of wit which is not to be got where nobody knows his next-door neighbor. And now she had brought this paper, not only to jot down upon it the names of her debtors, but also to astound any wide-eared friend with an article in it concerning Christowell. "You put on your specs, ma'am, and read that," she said.

This was not a nice thing for her to say, but rather in the sarcastic vein of the paper she indulged in. For she knew that no specs of the very highest power would enable Mrs. Sage to make out a single word. "Deary me! I've a-been and left my specs at home," said the old lady, after a sham search among her pockets; "but you do read so bootiful, ma'am: would you plaize put your voice to it for me?"

Mrs. Cork smiled, because she loved her education; and then, without even putting any glasses on, which made the feat more wonderful to any one who heard her—which half a dozen women and a man began to do—she read, with such disdain of all difficulties that she skipped them, the following remarkable paragraph:

"'When a matter is beyond our explanation, we have always considered it the most judicious plan to abide in our patience until the inexplicable gradually brings about its own solution. With a certain exalted Prelate, exalted above the highest scope of human reason, we have felt ourselves driven to adopt this system, because he was amenable to no other.' Why, they've got three column agin the poor Bishop in this very papper," Mrs. Cork stopped to say, with a breath of surprise, which proved that she did not understand the sweet manners of journalists; "but perhaps the man who wrote this forgot all about it. 'But though,'" continued this eloquent writer, "'we have lapsed into the silence of despair concerning a Churchman, as he loves to style himself, who is all Church and no man, we did indulge a hope that in our peaceful county there was nobody else we need shudder to mention. Far, very far, be it from us to institute a parallel, however well suggested, between his lordship of Exeter and a poor man who has not had his advantages, any more than his sinecure to batten on.

"'This poor man appears to be comparatively honest, and to have some very charitable feelings, such as we would gladly find elsewhere. When driven by straitened circumstances to commit a robbery, he does it like a man, and with a tenderness for women which might afford a lesson to our admirable B——p. And unless we are misinformed, a certain amount of good feeling characterizes this felon, which has not yet

been found, though with many tears sought for, in the precincts of our venerable pile.

"'But not to overpress this extraordinary analogy—for we hear that his lordship did weep last week when he lost a fine appointment for a member of his family—our duty is simply to point out that measures are about to be applied to this minor Dartmoor evil, which a vigorous government should rather have exerted upon the more *crying evil* we have feebly indicated. We are informed, upon the very best authority, that as those noble dunderheads, our great J. P.'s, only wring their fat hands, when they can spare them from their knives and forks and bottles of ancient port, at the lawless proceedings of the unmitred felon, a very famous General, with a name suggestive of tinder, has been ordered to encamp over against him. We have one great warrior already, in the West, qualified for the Commission of the Peace by wholesale slaughter of French patriots; but the remnant of his energies has been absorbed in the production of grouse and some other French game. We can assure our readers that we shall observe with deepest interest the result of this twofold experiment, this attempt to kill two birds with one stone, premising only two things—that if the poor outlaw could have limited his appetite to farmer's produce, instead of devouring the sumptuous dinner of a sybarite High-Church rector, he might have enjoyed the fine mountain air for many years unmolested; also that, in our very humble opinion, that British Commander, of the fire-eating name, might have received more appropriate instructions—to bombard the p——ce of our fire-eating B——p. We trust that when he has caught the inferior felon, he may gird up his loins to the larger, more glorious, and infinitely more needful task.'"

All the good people who heard this read (as it was read by Betty Cork, with many sagacious nods at the words that went beyond three syllables), said, "Thank you, ma'am; you have dooed it wonderful, and winderful faine the writing be." So fine indeed was it—though rather below than above this paper's standard—that none of the listeners could make out any more than that the writer was a clever man as need be, but unfit to have any faith laid in him, without his right name to the foot of it.

But Mrs. Sage was of keener intelligence, as the wife of the seer of the parish should be. She took in a great deal of the meaning of the paper, and to that she added a great quantity of her own. By this double process her mind became most active, combining conception and generation. "Never you tell me," she screamed to Mrs. Cork (who was off, amid a rounder of "Thank 'e, ma'am; thank 'e; plaize to come again, and tell us")—"never you tell me that the holy gentleman, with window-blind sleeves, who hath laid his hand dree times upon my head, and bettered me continual, be put alongside of a shape-staling villain, by the biggest thief as ever wrat upside down. I'd scratt 'un if I coom acrass 'un, that I wud, and gie 'un the tail of 's own big talk."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TERRIBLE FOREST FIRES.

THE long-continued summer drought, which prevailed for weeks without being broken by a single shower, made the woods and fields in many parts of the country as dry as tinder. This has been especially observable in New Jersey and some portions of the West, where the forests were recently devastated by extensive fires.

The most destructive fires have taken place in the forests of Eastern Michigan, where numerous "flashings," or partly cleared tracts of land, covered with brush, decayed timber, and other inflammable materials, gave the flames, fanned by the high winds, opportunity to spread with amazing rapidity. Sanilac and Huron counties, lying on the shore of Lake Huron, between Port Huron and Saginaw Bay, and Tuscola County, lying on that bay, were the scenes of the greatest destruction. Hundreds of farms were reduced to blackened ashes. Stock, crops, farm buildings, and fences were swept away. Men, women, and children were overtaken by the flames, and the number of lives lost is already estimated at more than five hundred. At least five thousand people have been rendered homeless. The loss of property in Tuscola County alone is estimated at two hundred thousand dollars.

An earnest appeal for assistance has been issued by a committee of the citizens of Port Huron. The committee say that in one section of the burned region many thousand recent settlers have lost everything, and are left destitute and helpless. All of these people, say the committee, "require immediate assistance, and most of them must depend on charity for months to come."

Such appeals are never made in vain to the American people. Contributions may be sent to the Mayor, E. C. CARLETON, chairman of the relief committee appointed by the citizens of Port Huron, who have sent agents through the burned district to ascertain the wants of the sufferers, and distribute supplies.

These destructive conflagrations spread terror over the whole region. In some places the atmosphere was so full of smoke that it was necessary to keep lamps burning in the daytime in order to obtain a little relief from the obscurity, and at times people found it almost impossible to breathe. The utmost vigilance was required to preserve villages in the vicinity of the burning forests, and many a panic like the scene depicted by our artist on page 637 was occasioned by the fiery clouds of cinders carried by the winds to places that were considered free from danger.

HUNTER'S POINT.

THE nuisances at Hunter's Point are not yet abated, but there is reason to believe that something is likely to be done very soon by the State authorities in the interests of the people on both sides of the river who are suffering from the pestilential odors emanating from that vile region. The State Board of Health within a few days has made a personal inspection of all the works in the vicinity of Newtown Creek, and the result will be communicated to Governor Cornell, with recommendations that will probably meet his approval, and be speedily enforced.

It is of no use to deny, as some have done, and are still doing, that the sickening stenches that afflict New York when the east wind blows—particularly that of sludge acid—come from Hunter's Point. The experts employed by the New York Board of Health have traced them directly there, and the fact is established beyond all cavil.

Every passenger who travels by the Long Island Railroad from Hunter's Point knows that the evils complained of exist at that place, and that so far from having been exaggerated in the public prints, the abominable condition of things utterly defies adequate description with either pen or pencil. During the year ending September 30, 1880, about six and a quarter millions of passengers were carried over this line, and in July and August last nearly sixteen hundred thousand. A large majority of these were compelled to go and come by way of Hunter's Point, and twice a day to endure its vile stenches. There are also many thousands of excursionists daily to Rockaway Beach, who are also subjected to the same sickening smells. Taking the year round, it is safe to say that twenty thousand passengers are daily affected by the odors.

There would be no difficulty in proving the case. The officers of the railroad and thousands of these indignant passengers are willing to come forward and testify to the facts. We have in our possession a number of written statements, of which the following are fair samples:

Major BENJAMIN S. HENNING says:

"I am Vice-President of the Long Island Railroad Company, and travel frequently over the line running from Hunter's Point along Newtown Creek. For about half a mile along the creek, just beyond Hunter's Point, there is an intolerable stench, which is the subject of constant complaint from passengers."

Mr. ISAAC D. BARTON says:

"I am Superintendent of the Long Island Railroad Company, and have my office at Hunter's Point. The factories along Newtown Creek are a serious nuisance. At times the air is so bad that it seems almost impossible to breathe."

Mr. CHARLES A. THOMPSON says:

"I am Master Mechanic of the Long Island Railroad, and am engaged in the shops at Hunter's Point almost all the time. When the wind is from the east or south, the air is almost always very bad. There is no doubt whatever that the stench comes from the neighborhood of Newtown Creek."

Ex-Mayor WILLIAM H. WICKHAM, of New York, says:

"I have been living on the south side of Long Island during the present summer, and travelling to and from Hunter's Point almost every day. For a mile or more just out of Hunter's Point the air is always bad, and sometimes almost nauseating."

Mr. DANIEL D. LORD, of the firm of Lord, Day, & Lord, lawyers, of this city, says:

"The stenches arising from the factories at Hunter's Point, especially from those for the manufacture of kerosene, are an intolerable nuisance, and form a serious objection to travel by the Long Island Railroad."

Mr. J. ROGERS MAXWELL, of the firm of Maxwell & Graves, bankers, of this city, says:

"I have a summer residence at Babylon, Long Island, and travel twice daily between Hunter's Point and Babylon. The ride along Newtown Creek is almost unendurable, unless the car windows are all closed, on account of the sickening odors from the factories along the creek."

Mr. HENRY GRAVES, of the same firm, says:

"I am a daily passenger upon the Long Island Railroad, and travel along the line which runs from Hunter's Point along Newtown Creek. I hardly ever pass over the road without noticing a succession of disgusting smells at that point."

Mr. JAMES H. WORK, of the law firm of Davies, Work, McNamee, & Hilton, says:

"I have been a passenger on the Long Island Railroad very frequently during the present summer. There is half a mile or more of the line along Newtown Creek where the air is almost always very foul. The passengers complain bitterly about it."

Mr. JOHN R. DOS PASSOS, lawyer, of this city, says:

"I travel frequently on the Long Island Railroad along Newtown Creek. The smells which fill the cars as the train runs along the creek are bad beyond all description."

The Brooklyn Board of Health, in a long letter signed by its secretary, takes exception to some alleged "erroneous statements" in the articles in our issues of August 6 and 13. We have not space for the whole letter, but will state its leading points fairly, and endeavor to answer them. First, it is charged that the map furnished us by Professor Chandler, President of the New York Board of Health, was "wrong in the following particulars: Blocks 3, 4, and 5, marked as covered with oil refineries, have but one refinery, that at No. 5; No. 48, labelled New York garbage dump, not in existence. The spot indicated is a clean meadow, covered with grass and weeds. Nos. 18 and 19, fertilizer factories, have been out of existence for years. Nos. 27, 28, 29, fat-boiling and scrap establishments, are likewise mythical. At 28, pressed scrap is melted at a low heat, giving off no odor." Dr. Goldschmidt, who made the map, insists that it is correct in all essential particulars. No. 5, he says, is a refinery, and Nos. 3 and 4, practically one establishment, but in two separate buildings, while not a refinery, is used for packing, canning, barrelling and shipping the oil. No. 48 is plainly referred to in the directory accompanying the map as "*formerly* known as New York Garbage Dump." Nos. 18 and 19, fertilizer factories, the Brooklyn authorities say "have been out of existence for *years*." No. 18 is Coe's factory. Dr. Goldschmidt says that as late as March, 1881, Dr. Raymond, Superintendent of the Brooklyn Board of Health, testified before the State Committee that the works were in operation up to March 1. We have the same authority for saying of No. 19, Read's factory, that Dr. Raymond told the State Committee, at the same time, that this place was also in existence when he testified. A few weeks ago, Dr. Goldschmidt says, the building was torn down to make room for a new oil refinery, now building. The old business (the recovery of sludge acid by dilution with water) was simply removed a few hundred feet further up the creek, where it is now in full blast. An inspection made by the State Board as late as August 26 established this fact, and one made still later by the New York city authorities discovered the old-fashioned sludge-acid odor unmistakably indicated at these works. No. 27 was formerly used as a fat-melting establishment. It is now being torn down to be replaced by an oil refinery. The "mythical" Nos. 28 and 29 are said by Dr. Goldschmidt to have been in full operation as scrap-melting establishments as late as August 30.

The Brooklyn health authorities admit that they opposed the law giving the power to any board in the State to go into court and ask for an injunction against a nuisance outside of its jurisdiction which affected the health of persons within its jurisdiction. The secretary of the Brooklyn board says he "spent much of his time and money in Albany in the work of such opposition." This action he justifies on the ground that Professor Chandler was simply seeking to divert public attention from "precisely similar factories under his nose upon the New York shore of the river." Other people spent money in defeating the bill too, for Coe himself, after his conviction, confessed to Dr. Chandler (so we are informed) that it had cost him a great deal to fight the New York Board of Health at Albany; that he had had enough of it, wished he hadn't done it, and would never do it again. The officers of the New York Board of Health indignantly deny that there were "precisely similar factories in New York city." There never was at any time more than one oil refinery in this city, and that was on the North River near Sixty-ninth Street. It was closed up and driven away by the New York board. The sludge acid stench, the predominant odor above all other odors that has afflicted this city for years, is to be charged exclusively to Hunter's Point and Newtown Creek. The smell is unmistakable, and has been identified by experts in New York streets time without number when the wind blew from the east. It could not have been created here, for not a pound of the stuff has ever been used in New York, except for a short time and experimentally.

To prove that bad smells do originate in this city, all statements by our authorities to the contrary notwithstanding, the Brooklyn board quotes from a pamphlet issued by a citizens' committee in April, 1878. But even if all that these estimable gentlemen say of New York were true (and Dr. Chandler insists that the committee is largely mistaken), this would not disprove the charge against Hunter's Point. To raise the cry of "You're another" is hardly the fair way of meeting an issue like this. If New York factories are breeding sickening stenches, HARPER'S WEEKLY is ready to do all in its power to abolish them.

But the weakest point in the Brooklyn letter is where the writer attempts to break the force of the indictment and conviction of three of the Newtown Creek offenders—Coe, Preston, and Clark—in this city three years ago. "Clark's factory," he says, "had been abolished by order of this [Brooklyn] board long previous to this time, while Coe's factory was being operated under restrictions which made it impossible for it to give off any odors that should travel toward New York city, or to create any nuisance...... *The defendants were convicted of an offense they were not guilty of, and the presiding justice, well knowing this, refused to sentence them.*"

This assertion is not borne out by the facts. The record in the District Attorney's office shows that the accused were arraigned for trial in the Court of General Sessions in May, 1878. Coe's case was selected as a test one. He was defended by two of the ablest lawyers in New York city. The trial lasted five days, and resulted, May 23, in Coe's conviction. The judge, so far from not believing him guilty, charged strongly against him. Within a week afterward, Preston and Clark *pleaded guilty*. Judge Gildersleeve did not "refuse" to sentence them. Counsel for the defense begged the court to mercifully suspend sentence on the promise of their clients to abate the nuisance immediately, and the judge granted the petition. Clark broke his word, and in less than two months afterward was again in the hands of the court for sentence.

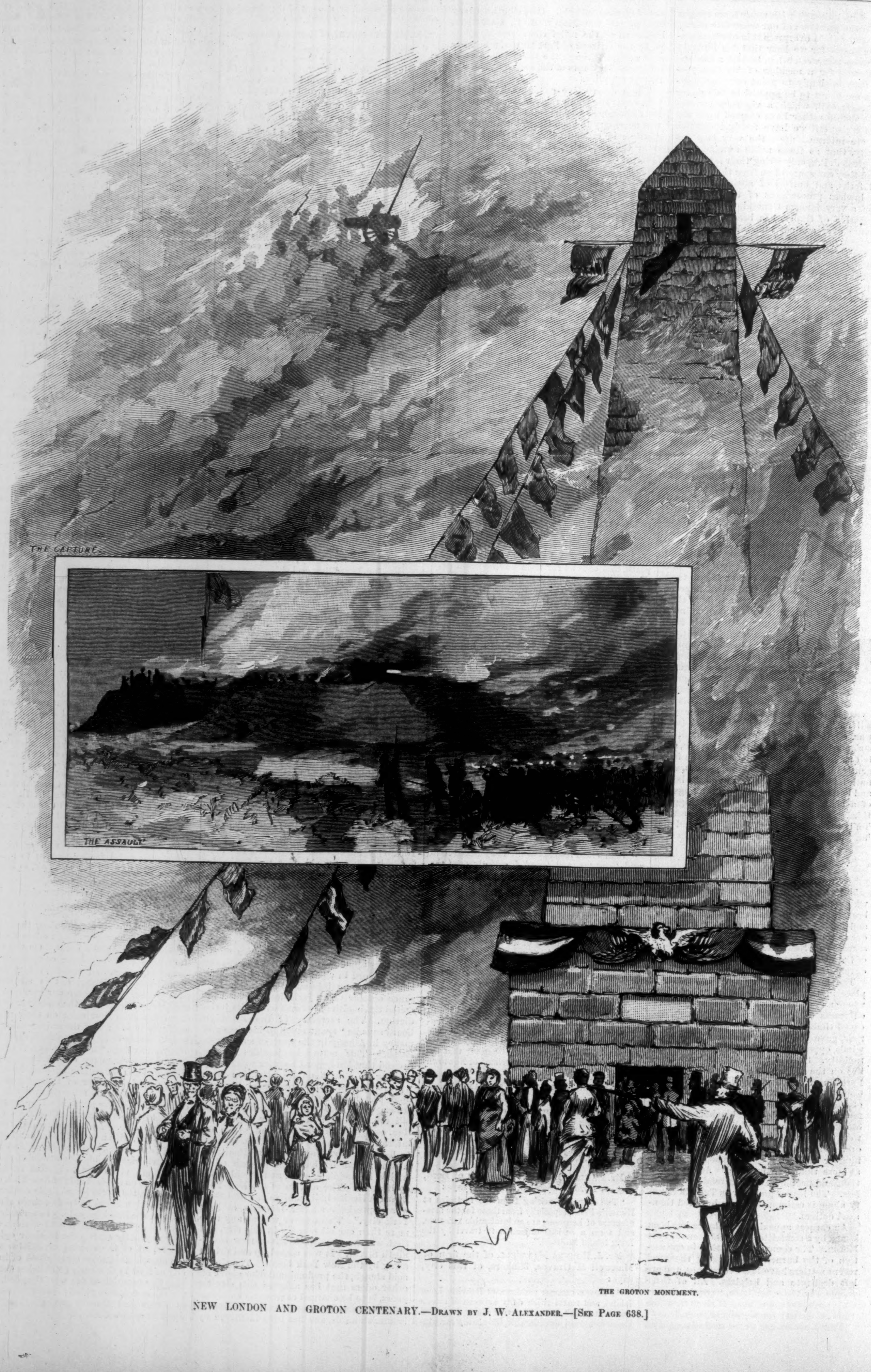
Then he begged again for mercy, this "wrongfully convicted man." This is what he said to the court the second time:

"On May 28 I pleaded guilty to maintaining a nuisance at Newtown Creek. It was with the understanding that the nuisance should be abated at once, and that meanwhile sentence should be postponed until such time as I should do some act indicating that I was lacking in good faith, and was continuing to maintain the nuisance. You now arraign me for sentence on the ground that I have been unfaithful to an oral promise. My own understanding of that promise was that I should cease maintaining a nuisance, but I did not understand that I pledged myself to abstain entirely from the use of sludge acid. I have accordingly used that substance to some extent in manufacturing since I pleaded guilty. I now promise that after this day I will utterly cease manufacturing manures or fertilizers at Newtown Creek, Long Island, whether with or without sludge acid; and I further promise to remove my business, with all the materials, to Barren Island."

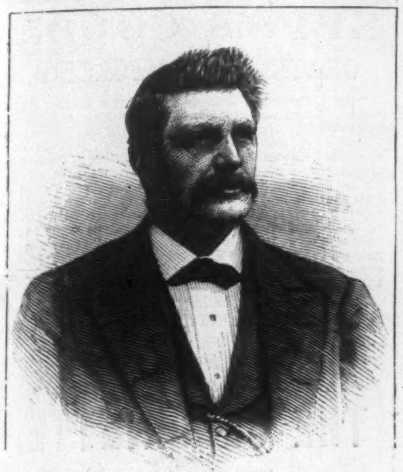
The judge gave him another chance, but required him to furnish a bond of $5000 against any further offense.

The Brooklyn authorities deny that they ever asserted that pernicious odors do not proceed from Hunter's Point. On the contrary, they say, they have complained of them frequently, and endeavored to have them abated. We print this statement with pleasure, and pledge our heartiest co-operation with them in the endeavor to put down the evils that exist on their neighbors' territory. As for the nuisances on the Brooklyn side of Newtown Creek, every one of them, say they, "not including, of course, those whose odors are confined to the premises or their immediate surroundings, has been closed by order of this [Brooklyn] board, except the oil refineries, wherein the escape of offensive gases has been reduced about to the minimum." Clark is on the Brooklyn side. Isn't he running sludge acid to-day, with none to hinder him? The New York authorities say he is, and that one such place as his is capable of giving off enough vile odors to almost suffocate the people on the east side of New York city.

Besides, the State board flatly contradict the Brooklyn board as to nuisances said to exist on the Brooklyn side. In a resolution adopted April 16, 1881, by a unanimous vote, they distinctly state that in their opinion the report of the special committee upon the stench nuisances complained of in the city of New York clearly establishes the fact that the complaints are well founded, that the odors emanate chiefly from the portions of Kings and Queens counties bordering upon Newtown Creek.



NEW LONDON AND GROTON CENTENARY.—Drawn by J. W. Alexander.—[See Page 638.]



CAPTAIN HOWGATE.—Photo. by Bell.

LIEUTENANT FLIPPER.—Photo. by Pach.

LORENZO DELMONICO.—Photographed by Mora.

CAPTAIN HOWGATE AND LIEUTENANT FLIPPER.

A few weeks ago the country was astounded by the charge of embezzlement brought by General Hazen against Captain H. W. Howgate, who had been for five years connected with the Signal Service Corps, for a large part of that time as disbursing officer. As the *Evening Post* remarked at the time, the charge was "especially startling from the fact that it affects a branch of the service whose purity is so customary as to be taken almost for granted. In times of wide-spread corruption, when the looseness and vice of a speculative age produced their effects upon civil administration, when gross scandals of whiskey rings and other swindling combinations brought reproach upon the country, the army was not convicted of misconduct of this kind, General Belknap's crime being connected with the performance of a civil duty. While politicians, and even men who passed for statesmen, were believed to have grown rich in the patriotic service of their country at comparatively small salaries, the army seemed to exhibit modest but proud content with the moderate support of their regular pay."

The amount of embezzlement charged against Captain Howgate was at first stated to be from fifty thousand to eighty thousand dollars. Subsequent investigations swelled the sum which he is charged with stealing from the government to more than four hundred thousand dollars; and as the amount appropriated for the Signal Service last year amounted to about fifty thousand dollars more than that sum, it would appear that, if the charges are true, he must have made away with about one-quarter of the money which passed through his hands during the five years of his connection with the corps. Captain Howgate and his friends asserted that he had a perfect defense. He did not, however, choose to await a trial. It is also charged that Captain Howgate has misappropriated funds intrusted to him by a clerk in the Signal Corps for the purchase of mining stock.

About the same time that these charges against Captain Howgate were made public, it was reported that Lieutenant Flipper, the only colored officer in the United States army, stationed at Fort Davis, Texas, had been detected in defrauding the government. For several months he had been Acting Commissary of Subsistence, and the charge was that since the 9th of July last he had not transmitted his funds to the Chief Commissary at San Antonio. On an explanation being demanded no reply was received, but on further inquiries being made Mr. Flipper stated that he had sent the funds by mail, but had kept no record of the fact, and consequently could not prove it. The funds which he reported to have been sent by mail consisted in part of checks on different banks, given him by the officers of the fort in payment of their monthly bills. A description of them was forwarded to the banks, and it was learned that they had not been presented for payment. Lieutenant Flipper was now placed under arrest, and a search set on foot, which resulted in the discovery of what are said to be the missing checks upon the person of a woman-servant.

Lieutenant Flipper is to be tried by court-martial on the charges made against him. His side of the story has yet to be made public, and it is useless to speculate on the probability of his guilt or innocence. With the assistance of some friends, pending the result of the trial, Lieutenant Flipper has made good the deficit in his accounts, amounting to a few hundred dollars; and it is to be hoped that the first impression of his brother officers, that the seeming crime may be a case of carelessness instead of deliberate dishonesty, may prove to be correct.

LORENZO DELMONICO.

Lorenzo Delmonico, who died on the 3d inst. at Sharon Springs, was personally known to and esteemed by the larger portion of the well-to-do people of this city, while to the better class throughout the United States of those who have visited New York his name is familiar as "household words." To the intelligent comfort-loving foreigner his establishment was one of the first and most eagerly sought, and its culinary enjoyments were seldom forgotten, for in no part of the globe could be found its equal. In no other great restaurant was there a cuisine so perfect, a service so prompt, courteous, liberal, and intelligent, and, above all, not one in which a high and irreproachable tone had characterized it from its beginning. It was the first

DESTRUCTIVE FIRES—PANIC IN A FRONTIER VILLAGE.—[See Page 635.]

of our restaurants, and has so continued to this hour (there are others now), whither men's wives and daughters could go unattended, and receive the same respectful attention and service as they would receive in their own homes. There were no coarse or noisy revels in adjoining rooms, no dinner or supper "for two" in private apartments. Indeed, this latter was not obtainable at any price, on any pretext, by any one, high or low, in any of the DELMONICO establishments. Often was the effort made; as often was it politely but inexorably refused. No temptation of money, no importunity of old acquaintance, could break or relax the rule; and there can be no doubt that this well-understood and thoroughly established fact aided to make DELMONICO'S an ever-agreeable place of resort, where the very air of its salons was that of purity, good-breeding, and refinement.

We do not enter into details respecting Mr. DELMONICO'S personal history. The daily journals have discharged that duty with a kindliness and grace that must be very consolatory to the members of his family. It remains for us simply to add an expression of respect for the memory of a man who, above all others, has elevated and adorned his vocation, who in the various relations of life was estimable and irreproachable—a man of large charities, of modest deportment, free of ostentation, and at all points a useful and valued citizen.

NEW LONDON.

I.

SEPTEMBER 6, 1781.

DAYLIGHT is just breaking over the rocky hills to the eastward as Orderly Sergeant RUFUS AVERY, of the Connecticut State Militia, makes his rounds to see that all is well. Stumbling across the dark parade, he looks across the river to the sleeping town. All quiet there. Then he walks round to the southwestern bastion, and glances down the harbor. The sea-breeze has died out early this morning, and it is a land-breeze that ripples the smooth surface stretching over toward Plum Island. He can hardly be sure as yet whether or no anything unusual is in sight, but he waits a few moments, and scans the offing carefully. Surely there are patches of white beyond the chops of the harbor! Yes, he can count three, six, at least a dozen sail—enough to justify giving the alarm even if no more are behind them, for a dozen sail on the Sound in war-time are not to be accounted for by any theory of mackerel fleets.

Wide awake now, the sergeant turns out the guard, as he runs to Captain LATHAM'S quarters. "There is a fleet in the offing, beating up to the harbor, captain."

Up jumps the captain, and is on the parapet with the sergeant in less time than it takes to write it. The light has strengthened now, and they count no less than thirty-two sail, brigs, schooners, and sloops, all of them close-hauled on the wind, and making the best of their way toward New London. "Fire two guns at once, sergeant, and make them speak."

Off goes Sergeant AVERY, and presently a puff of white smoke rolls up from a shoreward embrasure, and then another, and the two reports go rattling from side to side up the broad river and over the hills, startling the New-Londoners in their beds and the inland farmers at their morning chores.

It is yet early in the forenoon, and the fleet has anchored in two divisions off the harbor mouth, and well out of range from the Yankee guns.

BENEDICT ARNOLD, a native of Norwich, the near neighbor and rival of New London, is in command of the hostile expedition, his treason having occurred a year before. He lands on the eastern side of the harbor with the Thirty-eighth Regiment of the Line, the Loyal Americans, the American Legion Refugees, and a detachment of Hessians. The task before him is comparatively easy. A march of three miles, two feebly manned batteries, and then New London with its booty! His programme is carried out with scarcely a halt. There is a skirmish at Fort Trumbull, and another at Fort Nonsense. A few men are killed and wounded, and a running fight is kept up by the garrison of Fort Nonsense in its retreat, while that of Fort Trumbull, under Captain ADAM SHAPLEY, spikes its guns, retires in good order to its boats, and crosses the harbor to join the force on Groton Heights. Then follow the burning of scores of houses, the plunder of warehouses, and all the license that war makes possible at such a time.

Then ARNOLD saw a sight across the harbor that he did not expect—a strong earthwork crowning the heights, and the muzzles of sundry cannon peering over the parapet. He has been led by his Tory informants to expect something very different, and forthwith he sends off messengers to countermand the order for attack.

It is too late! Already Colonel EYRE is forming his command, and in a few minutes puffs of smoke and the rattle of small-arms proclaim that the fight has begun. EYRE landed without opposition at Groton Point, with the Fortieth and Fifty-fourth regiments of "redcoats," the third battalion of New Jersey (loyal) volunteers, and a force of Hessians and artillery. Marching his men to a position as near the fort as was possible, keeping them under shelter, he sends out a flag of truce, which is met in due form, and a demand is made for surrender.

Colonel LEDYARD calls a council of war. "There are eight hundred of them," he says; "we are but a hundred and fifty. Shall we surrender?" "No!" replies Captain SHAPLEY, an old privateersman. "No!" says Captain WILLIAM AVERY, who had fought at Bunker Hill. "No!" votes big Captain AMOS STANTON; and when the council breaks up, and word is passed to the rank and file, the AVERYS, WILLIAMSES, WARDS, LEDYARDS, BURROWSES, MOORES, PERKINSES, HALSEYS, CHAPMANS, LEWISES, and the rest look to the priming of their flint-lock muskets, and vote "No" too, though they were never asked.

"The fort will not be given up to the British," is the message returned to the flag, and when EYRE sends a second time, intimating that if he is obliged to carry the fort by assault, he will "put martial law in full force"—that is to say, he will spare none whom he may find alive*—"We shall not give up the fort," LEDYARD replies, "let the consequences be what they may."

Back goes the flag, and the hundred and fifty stand ready behind the parapet. For five hours have they awaited re-enforcements, but only a few stragglers have come in. There are stories of recreants, of drunkenness, of cowardice, but whatever the truth may be, no help has come, and the half-drilled, half-armed farmers prepare to die as they stand.

They have not long to wait. Very soon the "thin red line" makes its appearance on two different sides at once. Colonel EYRE'S detachment dashes across the level east of the fort, Major MONTGOMERY'S presses up the steep hill from the southwest.

"Wait till they are close to, boys," is the word in the fort, and wait they do till canister and musket-balls are certain to do execution. Then with a roar and rattle large and small arms speak out. Down go Colonel EYRE and Major MONTGOMERY, both mortally wounded, and time after time the redcoats are hurled into the ditch, where the nine-pounders on the bastions make fearful gaps in their ranks. Pikes are crossed with bayonets, and faces are singed with powder, so close is the struggle. The "thin red line" climbs up the parapet. It mixes with and overpowers the thinner homespun line. The fort is surrounded. Redcoats swarm into the outworks, and are driven out only to rush back again and renew the hand-to-hand fight with the exhausted and overpowered defenders.

Nearly two hundred of the assailants lie on the slopes of Fort Griswold, however, before the rampart is won, and for a few minutes "martial law is put in full force," as EYRE had promised.

Major BROMFIELD, on whom the leadership of the British has devolved, calls for the commander of the fort, and Colonel LEDYARD comes forward, tendering his sword. "I did command it, but you do now," he courteously says, and the next instant he falls dead, thrust through the heart by the hand of a brutal Englishman.

Eighty of the garrison are slain after the capture of the fort, and the remainder, many of them wounded, are hurried on board the ships, and in the cool of the evening the fleet draws over to Plum Island, leaving the incense of smoking ruins to rise up through the quiet evening air.

II.

SEPTEMBER 6, 1881.

New London is all alive before daylight. Steamboats and trains are hurrying forward re-enforcements for those already on the ground. Alarm guns have been fired from the ruined bastions of Fort Griswold, and a third gun from *Old Ironsides*, anchored in the harbor, repeats the sounds of a century before. But the sights—all sights, indeed—are a blank, for a fog has hung its curtain over everything, and the flashes of the guns can hardly be seen. No matter; the programme must be carried out; so the North Atlantic Squadron sends its sailors and marines ashore, and the fog around the ancient site of Fort Nonsense and under the stone walls of modern Fort Trumbull is rent by the flashes of breech-loaders as the opposing detachments blaze away at one another with blank cartridge. Over the old ground they go, and by noon the defenders of the town have been theoretically put to flight.

But what spell is upon the air? Surely not enough powder has been burned to cause this total eclipse of the sun. For whatever cause, a densely lurid yellow light overhangs city and harbor. Partly fog it certainly is, and wholly unprecedented is it in the memory of man. New England had her "dark day" of old, and now she may register September 6 as her "yellow day."

At noon the big guns of the fleet thunder out through the yellow gloom a national salute, and scarcely has it ended, when the parapet of Fort Griswold is manned even as it was a century ago; but this time the garrison consists of United States artillerymen and volunteers, while a brigade of Connecticut State troops forms in two divisions, and charges with cheers and many falls over the ramparts where such serious work was done a hundred years before. Instead of bayoneting the garrison, the storming party are brushing the dust from their uniforms, mopping the drops from their brows, and fraternizing with them over the lemonade stands in the most friendly way.

Of General HAWLEY'S admirable oration it need only be said that it was a careful, finished address, showing study of his subject, and the careful preparation which was due to his audience and the occasion. So too of ROSE TERRY COOKE'S poem, which merits and has secured a wide circulation through the daily press.

The proceedings of the second day, commemorative of NATHAN HALE, the "martyr spy," were of a civic character, and drew an interested crowd of auditors for Mr. EDWARD EVERETT HALE'S address on the career of his patriotic namesake. Altogether New London has acquitted herself bravely on this commemorative centenary, and may now contentedly rest on her laurels for another hundred years of peace, broken only, let us hope, by the annual festivity and bustle of the Yale-Harvard boat-race, and by such developments of peaceful adventure in art and commerce as have heretofore marked her among her sister towns of Connecticut.

* Martial law retained in 1781 more of its brutality than is generally believed, and British historians no doubt feel justified in making a quasi apology for the massacre which followed.

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Cause too, can't seep, and worms bites ze belly;
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When mamma's gone, and don't have Castoria.
"You're right, they fairly yell." There, Uncle Cy;
Cousin Frank have Castoria, he don't cry.—[*Adv.*]

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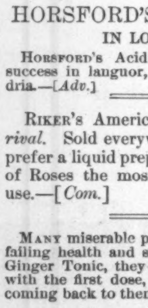
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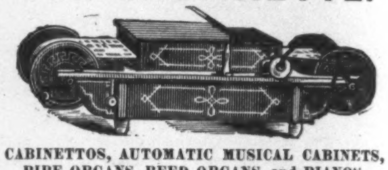
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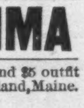

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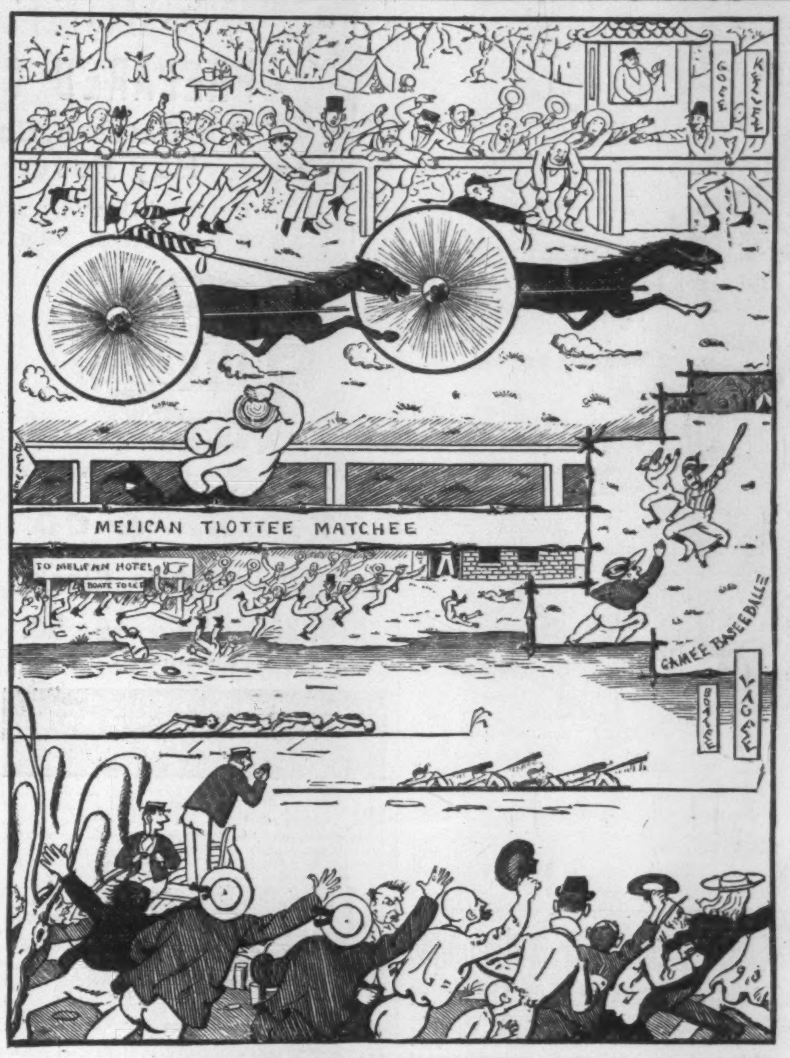

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